RUSSIA'S 'PRIVATE SECTOR' **MARGARET MILLER**

THE NATION

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LETTERS

suing Daley's cops

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: The Illinois Division of the American Civil Liberties Union is planning to take legal action because of the unlawful activities of the Chicago police during the week of the Democratic Party's national convention. To aid its research, statements from victims of or witnesses to acts of police misconduct are desired. Statements should cover place, time, who was involved, and what was seen, heard, smelt or felt. Still photos or movie film of police misconduct are also needed. The ACLU will reimburse photographers for the cost of their prints. Write to the Roger Baldwin Foundation of ACLU, 6 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. 60603. *Jay Miller, Executive Director*

no surprise

Van Nuys, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: The news media almost unanimously—the commentators, the columnists, the reporters, the editorialists, the cartoonists, the executives, the labor unions and the professional fraternities—have registered shock and indignation at the police-state brutality, police-state intransigence and police-state authoritarianism of the Chicago forces of "law and order." . . .

The national news media should not have been so surprised. This is exactly what happened in Oakland (Calif.) a few months back. In both places the existence of police brutality and police-state methods were brought into the citizens' living rooms via TV. This puts the forces of "law and order" in a bad light. After the Oakland case, L.A. Chief of Police Tom Reddin and his alter ego, District Attorney Evelle Younger, attacked the press (as "inciting to riot") for doing its job—in this case, exposing police brutality.

Chicago Mayor Richard Daley said his police use "no more force than necessary." TV viewers the country over know otherwise. In Los Angeles on the same day Chief Reddin said the same thing about *his* police. Ghetto dwellers and Century Plaza demonstrators know otherwise . . . . *Nita Narr*

Penta-go-round

Northridge, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Charles Rabb's "Military 'Software' " [*The Nation*, July 22] overlooked an even more expensive aspect of Pentagon-sponsored research—the duplication of studies. Since reports on many of the projects sponsored by the different branches of the Defense establishment are either classified or distributed in restricted quantities, and are only occasionally published in scholarly journals, there is a great deal of wasteful overlap.

Several years ago when I was a participant in a Navy-sponsored project, I was put in contact with many people engaged in Defense studies, most of which were classified. Recently I attended a seminar (Defense Department-sponsored) and found studies of almost exactly the same type being commissioned by another branch of the armed forces and even by the Navy itself. Apparently all the earlier studies had been buried beneath the mountains of red tape or the sponsors were unhappy with the previous conclusions.

At any rate, almost none of the present researchers were aware that much of what they were doing had been done before by others on sponsored projects. As a result I have the feeling of being on a merry-go-round in which the same things are researched over and over, but the results are

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EDITORIALS

Warm-Up

The nominees were warming up last week, with trial runs, issue- and technique-testing, saluting the flag, doing obeisance to the American Legion and B'nai B'rith, and so on through all the maneuvers of the quadrennial political circus. By and large, all three ran true to form.

HUMPHREY: Off to a well-nigh disastrous start. The Philadelphia effort was a disappointment by any test. Once again Hubert demonstrated his penchant for "instant sincerity," for trying to please any group he happens to be addressing; once again he demonstrated his utter faith in the efficacy of a quick "I love you," turned on like a spigot. He apparently fails to realize that such high-pressure amiability does not suffice to win over people in a campaign as rancorous as this one, and that he has so overused it as to make himself ridiculous.

His offer in Philadelphia to lay down his life for peace in Vietnam was vintage Humphrey and completely absurd; if peace is so precious to him, why didn't he lay down his life (if only politically) by opposing the escalation of the war? He followed this up with the equally amazing statement that he could have accepted, "with some elaboration," the minority plank on Vietnam. By the time he reached Los Angeles, he had second thoughts, perhaps remembering the ogre in the White House, and backtracked sufficiently to confuse the reporters about his real position—if a candidate so mercurial could be said to have one. His talk of a possible troop pull-out late in 1968 or some time in 1969 was promptly knocked down by Rusk and the following day by the President himself, who ended a bellicose speech before the Legion by expressing everybody's yearning for the day when the men will come home, but "no man can predict when that day will come. . . ." Of course, we have a lot of clerks, laundrymen, pastry cooks, engineers building officers' clubs, and so on who could be spared right now without affecting the war, but Humphrey's talk about a serious reduction in combat forces boils down to off-the-cuff demagogy.

All in all, a bleak week in the aftermath of the disaster in Chicago.

NIXON: He came on strong and bland. To be bland in politics is to look like a winner and take none of the chances that might make one a loser. Tanned, relaxed, smiling, he appeared in the mask of the Statesman, leaving the hatchet work to his running mate Agnew. Everywhere he went, he had Sen. Edward W. Brooke in tow, to make it appear that he, Nixon, was the black man's friend. True, Senator Brooke was reported to be dismayed by the candidate's emphasis on law and order and thinly veiled criticism of the Supreme Court, but his dismay did not approach disaffection.

The differentiation of function between Agnew and Nixon became clear. Whatever votes can be diverted from Wallace by redbaiting and the other dirty political tricks of which Nixon is a past master, Agnew will now strive to attract. At least for the present, Nixon is above such chicanery.

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Agnew's redbaiting covers the full spectrum, from the kids who demonstrated at Chicago to Humphrey himself. Humphrey, he said in Washington on September 10, has been "soft on inflation, soft on communism, and soft on law and order over the years." Such is the reward of the man who, as a Senator, was largely responsible for the Communist Control Act and who can justly claim to be one of the stoutest and most persevering "anti-Communists" of the century. Agnew has not yet learned that in national politics rabbit-punching is a delicate art, and he was promptly rebuked by those Republican pros, Senator Dirksen and Representative Ford. The incident gave Humphrey a chance to show some mettle by challenging Nixon's advice that the Senate should punish Russia's Czech aggression by delaying approval of the nuclear nonproliferation treaty.

For Nixon it was a rather auspicious beginning, though hardly striking. The crowds, if big, were not enthralled. In Santa Clara they were "not worked up," in Chicago they were "more curious than enthusiastic." Nixon is said to be beefing up the end of his basic speech so as to overcome the fatigue induced in even the most fervid followers by his long exposure to the public gaze.

WALLACE: He has, of course, the easiest course to run, since he appeals to a particular constituency, narrower and more precisely definable than his opponents'. Essentially all he has to do is come on loud and clear, lambasting Reds, eggheads and crime in the streets. He obviously has the "cop vote," the Birchites and most of the near-Birchites, as well as the disaffected of the Right generally. The fact that the Hon. Happy Chandler would not go along with him is further proof, if any were needed, that Wallace is indeed the racist everyone has always known him to be. His appearance at the stock car race in Darlington, S.C.—just the right audience for him—had considerable symbolic importance. He yelled about sending certain politicians "to the pit," and carried on his baleful talk about the "overeducated, ivory-tower folks with pointed heads looking down their noses at you and me."

For Wallace it was not the opening week; he has been saying the same thing for weeks. He may peak soon and begin to drop, as some, including Nixon, expect. At present, however, he is in second place in electoral votes, behind Nixon but ahead of Humphrey.

The Forgotten?

It is a relief—for the moment—to be told precisely who will decide the 1968 election. Richard M. Scammon, former Director of the Bureau of the Census, has performed this task for us. The great mass of voters this year—*voters*, those who will actually vote, not those eligible to vote—will be in Scammon's phrase "unyoung, unpoor and unblack." He pinpoints it even further: this all-American voter, '68 style, will be in his early or middle 40s, white, earning from $9,000 to $11,000 a year, perhaps a shoe salesman or someone on that vocational level, living in the suburbs in a home costing perhaps $16,000, or a good deal more in some neighborhoods.

Nixon and Humphrey and, coming down a peg or two,

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Wallace, have read, assimilated and accepted this thesis of the common denominator—low, though not the lowest. Nixon has given it the typical Nixon treatment. His campaign is addressed to the "forgotten" Americans, those splendid, generous, supremely virtuous, God-fearing, honest, aspiring, patriotic citizens, who feel terribly put upon by all the evils which afflict their society but for which, by their reckoning, they are in no slightest degree responsible. They are not shouters, demonstrators, protesters, racists (although school busing does enrage them). They are not "sick" or criminally inclined (no mention of white-collar crime). In his shining self-image, polished to a higher gloss by the praise of the candidates, this Forgotten American, with his wholly decent instincts, wants only to go about his business and by honest toil to support his family, pay the monthly interest and principal on his mortgage, and buy a color TV set. He wants his children to be as good as he is and in one respect even better—they should earn more money. He is beginning to be impatient with all the turmoil which, without any cause that he can see, is tearing the country apart. He wants only to be "left alone," especially by the federal government. What unites all these good Joes is a sense of decency as they construe it, a sense of continuity, and the conviction that the best country in the world must stay the way it is. That is what good old Dick, himself elevated from this very stratum, is going to give them. He says.

Humphrey makes essentially the same assumption and will pitch his appeal to the same group—the big Middle Sector, expanded by twenty years of cold-war prosperity. This Nixon-Humphrey duet is what makes it difficult for any real differences on the issues to emerge. And Wallace, down there, adheres to the same strategy.

In an editorial manfully titled "What the Campaign Issues Are," *Business Week* (September 7) starts to explain but quickly runs out of gas. There do not seem to be any salient differences: both parties have "an essential similarity of approach." *Business Week*, accepting what it calls "the centrist tradition" in American politics, fears that Wallace will upset that tradition, but it does not despair: "There is still enough glue left in U.S. society to leave hope that the broad centrist tradition . . . can be preserved." In this quietist view, the threat to the social fabric is not real. In other times and in other countries, a gap between aspiration and accomplishment, which in the view of *Business Week* is what afflicts us, "has been the stuff of revolution." But not here, it prays God.

How Cohesive Is the Center?

In our view, *Business Week*, and others who see the current political scene from the same angle, have strayed from reality. A "centrist tradition" must be based on a broad, legitimate center whose elements are bound together by values held in common. But how broad and how consensual is the center to which Scammon, et al., refer? We think it is neither as broad as they imagine, nor as monolithic. [See "The New Coalitions" by William L. Abbott, page 273.]

First of all, there is the difference which the polls have shown for some years in attitude and outlook between the younger, better educated, more sophisticated, salaried upper middle class and the older, less educated, less open-minded middle class. The polls have shown a sharp divergence on a variety of issues betweeen these elements, on civil rights, civil liberties, foreign policy, etc.

Second, a parallel divergence involves what Joseph Kraft calls the "genteel suburbs"—upper middle class, white, sophisticated, ready (up to a point) for change, and able to tolerate the idea of change because they feel relatively secure in terms of status and income. Opposed to this group are the industrial suburbs of the lower income, more recently arrived lower middle class, less secure (in status terms) and often with no more than a blue-collar education (through high school at the most). Often these latter suburbs are inhabited by groups with a common "ethnic" and religious background.

The "genteel suburbs" provide most of the young radicals and activists, detested by the blue-collar suburbs. The first group contains many "swingers"; the second almost none. The *London Times Literary Supplement* (August 29) said that "the whole American bourgeoisie wishes to join the *avant-garde*." This is inaccurate: only the upper-income section does, and not all of that. The first type of suburb provides strong support for politicians of the type of McCarthy, Rockefeller, Percy, Hatfield, Lindsay; the second does not. The truth is that a kind of cultural civil war is being waged between these two sections of what we once called the middle class. Or, as Kraft puts it, there is "antagonism between the rising middle class of upper-income whites and the archaic middle class of lower-income whites. . . ." The first type feels excluded because *none* of the candidates appeals to them, they are not in their style, not in their idiom, not on their wave length, and so these dissidents may abstain from voting in large numbers this time.

Similarly, we have no means of measuring the changes in consciousness which have occurred and are occurring. There is a totally new awareness in many of the young—and not in the young alone. This is what Eugene McCarthy was getting at when he spoke about "new national constituencies of conscience." The parties appear to be unaware of such changes and are trying to pretend that nothing much has happened; but, like it or not, a great deal has happened.

At the same time a new under-class, in Gunnar Myrdal's term, has formed at the base of society. It is composed of rural poor whites and of ghetto blacks, disaffected, disenchanted, some not likely to participate in the election at all, others only at half-strength. These groups find themselves in a compressed stratum beneath the massive lower middle class, which resents the efforts of the under-class to make it in its turn. In times past a minority group at the bottom could work upward, not easily, to be sure, but at least not against the weight of such an enlarged and obdurately resistant middle class.

So, if one tots up the number of Americans who, for many reasons, feel outside the political process, it is arguable that the centrist tradition, so called, may be a declining center. In that case the danger is not that the centrist tradition will be upset but that it is no longer representative—it excludes too many. Stability is threatened

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precisely because broad segments feel themselves "outside" the system. How serious that threat is we shall discover only gradually, after Nixon or Humphrey takes the helm and tries to navigate by a compass that on these premises has lost its magnetism.

The Difference

According to the rules of "blame theory"—the moral equivalent of the games beloved of the think tanks—the Russians are to be condemned for their August invasion of Czechoslovakia, but their arcing of a MIRV missile (if that's what it was) from Tyruratam to the Kamchatka in the same month is only to be deplored. In the former case they deliberately savaged a friendly neighbor and thus exacerbated international suspicions the world over; in the latter, they did no more than zig to our zag on the escalator to Armageddon.

Of course, the two events are related, as are all events in this computer-sensitive world (you cannot have a riot in Kansas City these days without affecting the political balance of Outer Mongolia). Because tanks rolled in Prague, Congress will no doubt drag its heels in the matter of the nuclear nonproliferation treaty; because party leader Dubcek was taken to Moscow in handcuffs, the summit meeting on limitation of anti-ballistic missile systems is indefinitely delayed. The August aggression was "conventional," but nuclear pressure mounts.

It might be said that the Russo-American missile race has now entered the area of superstition or nationalistic ostentation (like the excessive deployment of skulls and thigh bones in tribal display), since both nations have long since passed the point where either could attack the other with nuclear weapons and expect to survive until sundown. Does it matter how many Minutemen we have? We have more than enough. Does it matter how big the Soviet rockets are? They will reach twice as far as Pittsburgh. Does it matter (except to the hardware merchants) whether we build a thin defense against China or a thick defense against Russia? Both will filter, but neither can stop, the rain of final annihilation.

Yes, it does matter. The proliferation of nuclear threat strains ever more agonizingly the accommodations which allow nations to tolerate one another. The burden of knowing what is aimed at you, the frustration of having each of your new ingenious umbrellas made obsolete, the exhaustion of holding the finger ever tense on the trigger is more than flesh can bear. Somebody will eventually crack.

The break will not necessarily come in nuclear form—man does not die by the atom alone. Without for an instant mitigating it, the assault on Czechoslovakia can also be seen as part of the missile tension. But though everything pulls on everything else, the next step up seems always to take a nuclear form. The one impending is the MIRV (the Multiple Independently Targeted Re-Entry Vehicle) vs. the ABM (anti-ballistic-missile system). It will cost billions, it will be a stand-off, it will increase the awful itch to end the waiting.

If we cannot talk with the Russians today because of Prague (and because God alone knows what squabbles are currently wracking the Kremlin), we should be calculating when is the first date on which we may hope to talk. Nuclear escalation has passed out of the realm of military logic into that of Doomsday symbolism, and de-escalation would be similarly symbolic, since neither side is going to bare its chest to the other. It would, however, be a symbol of life, not death. That makes the difference.

The Bird

Hope never dies in the Saigon officers' clubs—there must, there just must, be some magic way to win this war. The latest potion is something called by the Yanks Phoenix and by the Vietnamese (we hope with no tinge of irony) Phung Hoang or All-Seeing Bird. It is an intelligence/extermination program designed to locate and eliminate members of the Vietcong infrastructure (VCI), the political and administrative leadership of the fighting enemy. (It was described in a story by Peter R. Kann in *The Wall Street Journal,* September 5.)

Somewhere in the Mekong Delta a funeral has been planned for a senior Vietcong official. During the ceremonies, a "counter-terror" team of mixed U.S. and Vietnamese killers sweeps in and executes the mourners. By such methods, some 6,000 VCI have been captured or killed since the offensive of last February. The infrastructure is thought to number about 80,000, so the rate of elimination—if indeed important VCI are really being eliminated—is not yet decisive. As one American on the scene has observed, it's like "trying to root the Republican Party out of Kansas."

Partly for this reason and partly because the several intelligence agencies of the Vietnamese government and the military profoundly distrust one another, the All-Seeing Bird hasn't attracted much support from the locals. This bothers the Americans, because they have great difficulty in telling a VCI from a schoolteacher or rice harvester, and also because it is hoped that Phoenix will continue its job of digging out the Vietcong nest when the great day dawns and we all come home.

Meanwhile, we coordinate the snooping and organize the kidnaping and killing. Bombing hasn't worked, napalm hasn't worked, pacification has become a mockery, and the prognostications of our military leaders have been singularly far from the mark. But we must press on to something that can be made to look like a victory of might and morality, so we now sneak in with a quick twist of the knife.

When the military mind is cornered, it resorts to bizarre expedients: under such circumstances Hitler launched the buzz-bomb; we unleash the assassins.

Viewing the Remains

It is a natural impulse for some, and a duty for others, to take a last look after the mortician has exercised his art. This used to be a formal, lugubrious occasion. Both the dead and the living were dressed in their best, and the latter gazed on the former, perhaps with tears. It also took time from a busy life. One had to drive to the funeral

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"parlor," park the car, perhaps walk a few blocks to make the inspection and remark how natural he or she looked, or deliver some other appropriate observation.

All this is changed for the better. You can now view the remains at a drive-in mortuary, the same as cashing a check or eating a cheeseburger, without getting out of your car.

The *Roanoke (Va.), World-News* credits this innovation to an Atlanta, Ga., mortician by the name of Hirschel Thornton. The idea came to him one night in a flash of genius, and he is now building five windows, each over 6 feet long, in an extension of his funeral home located off a busy street. Each window will contain a body in a coffin, with a name plate, wall-to-wall carpeting, and drapes, no doubt in decorator colors. "The deceased," the inventor explains, "will be lying in a lighted window, sort of tilted toward the front so they can conveniently be seen." Thus you may view not only your own departed but four others, comparing both the corpses and the coffins. You may come by at any hour of the day or night, dressed as you came from work or on your way to a cocktail party.

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away . . ."; but the ingenuity of man passeth all understanding.

MANAGERS AND CUSTOMERS

RUSSIA'S 'PRIVATE' SECTOR

MARGARET MILLER
Miss Miller is the author of Communist Economy Under Change *(Andre Deutsch) and* Rise of the Russian Consumer *(Institute of Economic Affairs, London).*

This year is crucial for Russia's economic reforms. Already 40 per cent of its industrial production comes from factories operating on the new system based on profit and material incentives, and the remainder are scheduled to switch over before 1969. Among the many obstacles being encountered in this tremendous changeover, the most important is the continuing shortage of consumer goods. It is no use giving workers more money for better work if they cannot find commodities on which to spend their additional rewards. If incentive fails, the hoped-for benefits of the managerial reforms will not be realized. It is increasingly being urged that only the restoration of the market principle and the recognition of the value of small-scale production will provide an effective answer.

Before the revolution, the work of individual craftsmen and small cottage industries gave the then overwhelmingly agricultural population practically all the manufactured articles it required for domestic and production needs. In the important woodworking industry, for example, more than ten times as many workers were thus employed than in the large state-directed industry. The range of goods produced by private enterprise was enormous, and varied according to the raw material found in different localities: wood, stone, clay, bones, textiles, etc. Many of these rural crafts were of high artistic merit and achieved international recognition.

Stalin's policy of forced industrialization and forced collectivization of agriculture disrupted this situation after 1928, and it was not until the 23rd Congress of the Communist Party met in the spring of 1966 that the state once more recognized the continuing value of small-scale industry in the economy, and gave instructions for its restoration, the main goal being an increased flow of consumer goods.

An article in *Voprosy Ekonomiki* early in 1967 took a close look at this aspect of Stalinism. The writer compared the average size of industrial undertakings in the USSR with that in other advanced industrial countries. On the face of it, differences were immense. The number of employees per factory was, for example, twelve times higher in Russia than in the United States. In machine building and metal working the average size of Russian plants was thirty-five times larger than their American equivalents; it was almost twenty times larger in the garment, footwear and fur industries. Small factories, those employing up to fifty workers, made up only 15 per cent of the industrial undertakings in the Soviet Union; they accounted for more than 80 per cent in the United States.

The author thought that these figures might be misleading because, on the Russian side, they included only industrial units that produced their own balance sheets. A great many small industrial units had, in fact, survived even under Stalin's "command economy," but as auxiliaries of large- and medium-sized undertakings, performing for the latter services that they could not profitably undertake themselves, e.g., the provision of components and other necessary items in small quantities. The true situation in Russia was thought to approximate much more closely to that in other industrialized countries than official Soviet statistics suggested, with the economically undesirable differences that (a) the small businesses were carried on the books of the large concerns to which they were attached, making it impossible to measure accurately the efficiency of their operations; (b) the small concerns had largely ceased to be consumer-oriented, and (c) a lively but unofficial private enterprise sector had grown up, with the producers satisfying directly the insistent demand for consumer goods, often using government materials for this purpose, and paying no income tax on their earnings from this activity.

The writer's conclusions were forthright. It was time not only to admit that small units had a vital role to play in a Socialist as in a capitalist society, but also that they were unsuited to state ownership and centralized controls.

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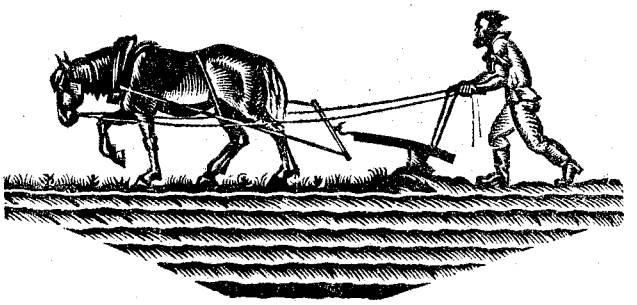
They should operate on an independent basis, be given the right to set prices for their own products, and be subject only to government regulations on taxation, profits, lease of premises and equipment and the like.

This was in accordance with the terms of a government decree which had been reported in *Izvestia* on October 9, 1966, and which firmly reiterated the principle that these industries should primarily serve the consumer and should be under the control of the responsible local bodies. The decree also emphasized the government's interest in arresting the decline that was becoming apparent in a proportion of Russia's small urban communities. Half a century ago Russia was a nation of villages, with only a handful of large towns. Stalin's industrialization drive brought millions of peasants into urban areas, necessitating the expansion of existing towns and the building of many new ones. The 1959 census listed 300 towns with populations of 50,000 and over, as compared with ninety such towns in 1926. But according to official statements there were plenty of small towns left, more than 5,000 of them, the majority having 20,000 inhabitants or less. They were said to account for approximately one-fourth of Russia's town dwellers, now numbering more than 120 million. In 1966 their social and economic problems became a national issue, when the 23rd Congress instructed the planners to divert the building of new factories to medium-sized and small towns, rather than to large industrial centers.

There have been many obstacles to the fulfillment of these orders. Planners and designers retained mental attitudes typical of the Stalin era, notably an obsession with size as such, and were reluctant to concern themselves with the quite different problems of small-scale production. This attitude was reinforced by the practical advantages of siting new factories in the large centers, where the existence of good rail and road transport, building materials, construction equipment, etc., offered savings. Another factor was the dictatorial attitude of higher bodies, which preferred to assign industrial construction to established centers rather than meet requests from local councils in small towns for funds to provide worker housing, shops, access roads, clubs, laundries and other necessary adjuncts to daily life. This conflict often seriously delayed an industrial project, or shelved it altogether.

To overcome such difficulties, national measures were proposed, such as encouraging large concerns in big cities to set up special branches in surrounding small towns, following the example of Moscow's largest car-building factory which had already established a flourishing aluminum works in nearby Mtsensk. The revival of ancient crafts was also thought to be of particular significance. One of the experts studying the situation based his conclusions on a book published in 1913 in what was then the province of Orlov. He lashed out against the stupidity of a policy which had neglected or destroyed the precious skills of the past without putting anything in their place. These skills had been many and various. Lace makers, embroiderers, brick makers, jewelers, coopers, glass workers, had abounded before the revolution. In many cases their products commanded an eager market abroad as



well as at home. When they were pushed into decline, the prosperity of the small towns and villages which depended on them was undermined, their inhabitants were forced to uproot themselves or to engage in private activities. Those who could not do so—women house-bound by domestic responsibilities, pensioners, farmers who were unoccupied in the winter months—remained without work; large-scale industry could not or would not employ them.

Two *Izvestia* correspondents reported in the same vein from Kirov Province. Before the revolution, out of half a million peasant homesteads in the area, more than 50 per cent had practiced crafts in a wide variety. But these had been allowed to fall into decay, and on one farm where 700 workers had been thus employed a decade ago, less than 100 now remained. An agronomist writing in *Pravda* in the autumn of 1966 referred to the flourishing jewelry crafts previously carried on by the rural population in the province of Kostroma, but now neglected to the extent that none of the responsible officials even knew what was being done. It would be easier, he said, to get full information on the occupations and incomes of farmers in the pre-revolutionary and pre-collectivization years than at the present time.

To correct this, a government decree was passed in September, 1967, aimed at utilizing local raw material and reducing rural unemployment in the winter. Farms were given a legal right to establish subsidiary industrial enterprises and revive rural crafts, together with full freedom to draw up their industrial plans (higher bodies were specifically denied the right to supervise these), and to dispose of their products at market prices.

This legislation will certainly receive powerful support from consumers, who have long ceased to be the meek

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recipients of what officialdom chooses to hand out to them. Reports from the Crimea show that holiday makers snap up the handmade souvenirs offered them by independent local craftsmen, and ignore the plastic fir trees thought good enough for them by the superior powers. The large and well-equipped Kaliningrad amber combine, processing 80 per cent of the country's supply of that material, had been dutifully turning out its quota of "planned" *objets d'art*, only to find that nobody would buy them because they did not meet contemporary standards of taste. Press commentators had no doubts that the situation could be remedied only by freeing craftsmen and private entrepreneurs from the strangle hold of state planning and permitting them to operate independently on a defined legal basis.

A similar, although less widely publicized, movement is going on in Soviet agriculture. During the past three years or so, there has been a significant growth of "mechanized links" on farms all over Russia. Each link consists of some four to six peasant households, to whom their farm allocates a given amount of land, along with the necessary equipment, fuel, etc., and a "technological chart" of work to be done each month. The group is then left alone to do the job in its own way and reap the reward of good work. The results have been spectacular, and this release of private initiative on the land has increased production two to six times in the links as compared with the results from communal work on the farms. Here also it is reasonable to predict that well within the next decade, the structure of farming in Russia will be transformed, with state planning confined to the main crops, and greatly increased autonomy accorded to those responsible for production at local level.

This phenomenon is not confined to Russia. Reports from Yugoslavia a few months ago indicated that private enterprise under the guise of "tourism" was being much more successful in promoting the exchange of consumer goods between East European countries than were the official trade agencies. Unlikely items such as electric ovens were included among the "souvenirs," along with more conventional commodities like nylon shirts, coffee, chocolates, raincoats, etc. One official was quoted as admitting that individual entrepreneurs noticed more quickly "and with an assurance of reliability greater than that of any institute specialized in marketing problems" what people need.

It is not to be expected that central planning in Russia or in Eastern Europe generally will be dismantled overnight, nor indeed would it be desirable for such a vast change to be made so quickly. But a free sector is certain to emerge in their economies. It is being pushed ahead by economic needs that are being widely recognized in responsible quarters, and by pressures from below no less strong than those that forced the adoption of major economic reforms after 1962. The new sector may well remain small from the quantitative angle for some time, but may be expected to exercise beneficial effects out of all proportion to its size. It will enlarge the area of free decision making, confine the planning bodies to duties they can profitably perform, get rid of the innumerable tensions and distortions created by the present unrealistic system, and contribute to the continuing rise in living standards by expanding opportunities for remunerative employment.

PATCHWORK QUILT OF PROTEST

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Chicago

The Committee for the Formation of the New Party, which has been trying to fulfill the promise of its title for several months, came close to that goal at a meeting in Chicago the day after the conclusion of the Democratic convention, but it adjourned empty-handed. The committee's theoretical requirements—principally a social base numbering in the millions—were delivered to it on a silver platter by Chairmen Bailey and Daley of the National and Cook County Democratic Committees, but it lacked the practical ingredients that would have made its promise into a powerful political reality.

The "Fourth Party" movement met for six hours on August 30, and the 500 founders, mostly veterans of the McCarthy drive, garnished with representatives of two dozen state New Party committees, spent the day attempting to determine the structure of the national party, naming some of the members of its steering committee, and giving that committee responsibility for finding a suitable candidate. The term "suitable" wasn't defined because almost the whole group yearned to draft Eugene McCarthy, and knew in their heads what their hearts wouldn't admit—that he would shortly take his name out of consideration. On Tuesday, September 3, he did so, leaving the Fourth Party movement in disarray. In fact, if the country weren't in such disarray itself, this brief episode would now be a closed parenthesis in modern American history.

But the sighs of relief from Democratic Party politicians are premature. Take the case of Indiana. The New Party there staged a three-day blitz and met the petition requirements for getting on the November ballot by the deadline, which fell one day after McCarthy had removed his name in Iowa. Though McCarthy was not required to consent to his name being placed on the Indiana ballot, he intervened and had his name dropped. But the party is now a legal entity in Indiana, free to put forward some

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other name; today it is a legal shell, but there is a significant movement throughout the state that could fill that shell tomorrow. Governor Branigin and Senator Bayh realize that few McCarthy supporters quite share their unquestioning loyalty to the Democratic Party, but they underestimate the extent to which disloyalty is being transformed into a break with their party machine.

The New Party around the country is a patchwork, and the situation will probably continue to be confused through the November election. In a few of the twenty states where New Party groups have qualified, or soon will qualify for the ballot, it is legally possible for them to run non-candidate McCarthy. A number of these states where New Party groups have qualified, or tainly be set back and possibly abandoned in the wake of Senator McCarthy's withdrawal. But despite confusion and disorganization, the New Party will have something on the ballot (unpledged electors, or McCarthy's name or a "favorite son") to attract protest votes—in many cases enough to play the role of spoiler, and in a few others write-in campaigns will be organized in his behalf.

In addition, two black candidates are filing in a number of large industrial states, and they intend to wage vigorous, radical campaigns. Novelist Eldridge Cleaver, Minister of Information for the Black Panther Party, has been selected the candidate of a half dozen Peace and Freedom Parties, the strongest of which are the pioneer group in California, with 70,000 registered members, and those in Michigan and New York.

Dick Gregory is the candidate of Peace and Freedom in Pennsylvania and Virginia, and a drive for him is getting under way in New York. His backers hope to convince parties that have already qualified in New Jersey and Utah to place him on the ballot, and they are beginning now to seek the endorsement of New Parties throughout the country. It is barely conceivable that Gregory could win enough backing to emerge as a truly national fourth candidate, even at this late hour. The more likely outcome is a confusing picture of protest campaigns and candidates that will vary from state to state. For example, the Alabama National Democratic Party, which was refused a place at the Chicago convention, is deciding its course of action. And petition actions of one sort or another are proceeding in a dozen states.

The most nearly national of all such efforts to date is the New Party, which was generated by a squad of activists who abandoned the Democratic Party in late June. Specifically, affiliates of the New Party committee have won a ballot line in Indiana, Arizona, Colorado, Oregon, New Mexico, North Dakota, Iowa, Minnesota, New York, Montana and Tennessee. Vermont, New Hampshire and Washington will be gained shortly. In Illinois and Rhode Island the party awaits legal challenges, but stands a good chance of success.

In a grisly way, the emergence of this patchwork quilt of protest is fascinating. It displays several qualities of American protest movements, some compelling, some unsettling. The tenacity of these movements, growing out of a deep commitment to turn the country around, shows itself in the activity which persists when "realists" say that effectiveness is impossible. But a frightening naiveté, a hangover from the euphoria of the McCarthy bandwagon, allows the activists to continue in the same beaten path of petitions and conventions and buttons and fanfare without any re-examination of the long-term or even medium-term prospects for their activity. The Vietnamese War has given birth to such widespread sentiment of protest that it continually bubbles up in an amazing variety of awkward forms, despite the lack of clear-headed leadership, of strategy, even of an ability to think one month in advance. There is something inherently ungainly about state campaigns for candidates for the Electoral College (an obscure office if there ever was one) pledged to vote for a candidate who not only won't campaign for them but repudiates them.

New political forces cannot be organized overnight. George Wallace has been barnstorming as hard for more than a year, just to get on the ballot, as Nixon and Humphrey will campaign in October. A well-organized political movement, with candidates already selected for the state assembly, school boards, Congress and tax assessor might just risk waiting until August or September to name its national candidate; the New Party obviously cannot do so. Its coordinators—Marcus Raskin and Martin Carnoy—have been so completely engrossed during the two months of its infancy in trying to get on the ballot in twenty-five states that they have been totally unable to crystallize its differences with the major parties (a job George Wallace has certainly attended to), to set up a democratic decision-making structure, or even prepare for the eventuality that McCarthy would prove undraftable. No wonder the New Party is still more a Committee for the Formation than a real party.

There is still, however, an opening for real politics in the country, but it is not an opening forced by the political activists after years of steady persuasion and recruitment. On the contrary, it is the maneuvering space between the two major parties of law and order and the forces of peace and freedom, which have been confronting each other in the streets as the death toll in Vietnam has mounted and the problems of the ghetto have compounded. The difference between a protest party and a political party is that a protest party merely registers the disaffection that has already been created by other social developments, whereas a political party generates more and more demands, organizes them, and seizes the initiative in order to shift the balance in its favor. A clever group seizes on a local issue in which a neighborhood discovers it has been shortchanged by the state legislature

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or the county commission, and by leading a fight on this somewhat narrow point, draws to its more general program a batch of new recruits. The national spokesman for a political party unveils a job of muckraking to identify the private interests that have prospered from the confused policies of the whole country. From the county courthouse to Washington, D.C., a political party must be on the offensive, setting the timetable, rather than letting Larry O'Brien set it.

The major parties, forced to choose sides on the key political issues of law and order and the war, have dumped a sizable section of their following out in the middle of the lake—in effect challenging them to climb back in the rowboat or learn to swim to the other shore. It is impossible to say whether the New Party developments are simply a lot of splashing, after which the participants will return to the Democrats for another four years of boring from within. Some radicals are already camped out on the far shore, and their activity, despite its erratic, unplanned appearance, remains the most telling opposition to the war and the war system. It has always been, and still is the case that a combination of liberals who decide to seek the roots of the problems they confront, with radicals who seek to be relevant to the grievances of the majority of the people, is the brightest formula for opening up the country to the possibility of substantive social change. The next months will test the New Party activists to see if they can create enduring movements that will grow through competition with the old parties.

REBEL CAUCUS

Political Science Discovers Politics

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In certain respects, and among some of its people, the United States is becoming increasingly sophisticated in its analysis of the evils of our society. In the early sixties, Bull Connor was the archetypal evil man, his dogs and fire hoses the weapons of oppression. More recently, the evil has been McNamara, typical of the national security managers who use propaganda and the myth of democracy to oppress the people. It has become clearer that, as Hannah Arendt wrote, the worst evil resides in the banal bureaucrat who runs the system, that cosmically evil individuals are no longer in evidence.

We are obliged to recognize a new target of attack. Since the "system" has replaced individuals, we must now be concerned with the operators of that "system," with the technicians who provide the knowledge for its elites and who rationalize its existence. Thus the academic associations are coming under attack. Recently, the American Sociological Association and the American Psychological Association formed within their organizations caucuses of people, who are determined to debate the implicit values and assumptions upon which these associations rest. But perhaps the best example of this new trend occurred in the American Political Science Association, during its convention in Washington, D.C., during the first week of September.

Political science, notorious for its conservative stance, has become, over the past few years, a discipline to be avoided by activists or those concerned with policy making. [See "The Battle for Relevance" by Marvin Surkin, *The Nation*, September 2.] Two resolutions were proposed at the annual convention in 1967 to bring the association (if not its individual members) out of its somnambulence. One called for the dismissal of the APSA's executive director, Dr. Evron Kirkpatrick, and its treasurer-counsel, Mr. Max Kampelman, because of their involvement in Operations and Policy Research, a CIA-financed organization. A second resolution called on the universities to withhold from HUAC membership lists of campus groups.

However, both resolutions were side-stepped. The first was never discussed; instead, a report by four ex-presidents of the association concerning the officers' activities was adopted as part of an omnibus resolution setting up a committee to investigate ethical problems. The second resolution was ruled out of order as requiring a constitutional amendment. (The existing constitution prohibited action on political issues and in the context academic freedom was interpreted to be a political issue.)

The profound dissatisfaction caused by the failure of the association to act on either resolution, coming on top of discontent over convention programs, led to the creation of a splinter group within the association, called Caucus for a New Political Science. The caucus was given a mandate by the 200 people who participated in its founding to set up a series of panels for presentation at the 1968 convention, to introduce a constitutional amendment that would permit the association to encourage the study of controversial issues, and to urge the association to poll its members on their attitudes concerning the war in Vietnam.

During the following year, and especially throughout the week of the annual convention, it became evident that the caucus had simply stated the obvious: it had declared the emperor naked, and most were quick to find him so. The majority agreed that the program was dull, irrelevant, often trivial. They acknowledged that it was ludicrous that a political science association had never held a contested election for president. They agreed that no association concerned with the study of politics should

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tolerate in its constitution a provision disavowing any organizational interest in the most divisive issues of the day.

By the time the political scientists were converging on Washington, the association had begun to remove its more blatant irrelevant features. But the debate begun by exposing the surface problems of the association was not to be stopped. As one member of the council of the association said to me at the end, "This week has gone from bad to worse."

At the business meeting on Wednesday night the distance between how far the association had gone and how far it might go became evident. A constitutional amendment giving the association the right to pass resolutions concerning freedom of speech and academic freedom "by and within the association" was passed. But an amendment that attempted to eliminate that intramural phrase, thus broadening the impact of the resolution, was voted down.

On the other hand, the caucus' constitutional amendment asking that the APSA encourage "research in and concern for significant contemporary political and social problems and policies" passed overwhelmingly. In addition, a resolution to prohibit employees and officers of the association from engaging in covert activities also passed, although it was obviously aimed at the activities of the executive director and the treasurer-counsel, and in spite of the fact that the council had unanimously recommended referral of the resolution to a standing committee on ethics (which would have deferred action for at least another year).

The business meeting drew 900 people, an extraordinary number considering, as the president noted, that it has not been uncommon in the past for members to be pulled in from the hall to make up a quorum. A discussion of the previous year's budget and the rubber-stamp election of a president were not what interested the remarkably large group. It was expecting controversy, and was not disappointed.

The business meeting broke up during a discussion of several resolutions concerning the possibility of withdrawing the 1970 convention from Chicago, as a reaction to events there during the Democratic convention. Although it was soon evident that the association would do so, many members felt that the wording of some of the resolutions soft-pedalled the issue—that moving to another city was not enough if Mayor Daley and his police force were not formally condemned at the same time.

However, there was never any debate on the alternative resolutions, partially as a result of forty minutes of parliamentary maneuvering, primarily because everyone seemed eager to get to bed. Political scientists evidently refuse to discuss questions of major importance after 11 o'clock. Citing the lateness of the hour, the chair ruled that there would be no debate on six of the resolutions concerning Chicago. When I and others attempted to appeal the ruling of the chair (a procedure always in order, according to parliamentary procedure), we were not recognized. Parliamentary considerations aside, the similarities between that scene and the scene on the floor of the Democratic convention should have been clear to everyone—the microphones were cut off, no one on the floor was being recognized, no debate was going on, and resolutions were being railroaded. As a matter of fact, at one point in the proceedings one member of the association began walking up to the podium screaming, "Albert, Albert, Albert," in mocking reference to the arbitrary procedures of Carl Albert, Oklahoma Congressman, when he held the gavel at Chicago.

Despite the unhappy parallel with Chicago, the great majority of the audience disapproved of anyone who interrupted the chairman by yelling or who acted less than decorously. As it became evident that the chair was not going to respond to any voice from the floor, about seventy people walked out of the meeting, causing its premature adjournment. These, joined by another 100 after the adjournment, met in an adjacent room and continued the debate which had been smothered at the regular meeting.

That Wednesday business meeting was the turning point of the convention. The hotel hallways began to boom with discussions on the merits of civility in the presence of injustice, the ethics of the association's officers and the biases of political science. People at a convention were at last talking about real problems in a real way.

The panels presented by the caucus drew large turnouts, even though most of them were held after the regular convention had ended. They proved that political scientists can, and should, use their specialized knowledge to study broad social problems and propose innovative solutions. John McDermott declared at one of the panels that the greatest problem facing this country was the maldistribution of knowledge. To him the political scientist might be not only irrelevant but even dangerous, since he studies the oppressed for the oppressor and influences younger students to follow his corrupt ways. Marcus Raskin suggested on another panel that the social scientist should study the hierarchical and authoritarian nature both of our society and of certain types of knowledge. Lee Webb on a panel dealing with Chicago, suggested that political science was irrelevant because economic forces determine political alignments.

By Saturday night, when the caucus held its own business meeting, the effect of these panels, and the new ideas they presented, was felt by everyone. Although registration for membership in the caucus was begun only on Wednesday, 500 people had joined by Saturday. The association had promised to give the caucus prime space on the 1968 program and had tentatively agreed that a new journal oriented toward questions of policy should be created.

Yet many in the caucus felt that not enough had been done, that the biases of political science had not been effectively challenged. To them, the strong support given the caucus by the very people who were deemed to have the strongest conservative biases was a sign that the purposes of the caucus were being misinterpreted. To others the fact that 500 people had joined so readily meant that quite a few members thought only the program needed to be enlivened.

However, the caucus was changing even as its radical members began expressing doubts about it. On Saturday

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it adopted a resolution requesting the parent body not to include a subscription to the regular association journal in its dues, thus permitting each member to decide whether or not he wants it. If approved at next year's business meeting, this could well mean the demise of the *American Political Science Review*. A resolution concerning the Paris negotiations on Vietnam was proposed and would surely have passed but for an amendment asking that all members of the caucus be polled by mail. Commissions were set up to investigate why women and blacks are insufficiently represented in the association. Another commission manned by graduate students was created to study graduate education in political science.

The elections to the executive committee of the caucus indicated a strong commitment to pushing the association still further into the real world. John McDermott, Howard Zinn, Michael Parenti, Theodore Lowi, Alan Wolfe, Marvin Surkin and Alex Gottfried were on the list of twenty-one. My conduct at the Wednesday business meeting did not preclude my election, and Sandy Levinsohn, Paul Minkoff and Mark Roelofs joined me from the original executive committee of the caucus.

The change within the association over the past year, and especially during that September week, has been profound. By next year the caucus will have more than 1,000 members and possibly its own journal; it will be a permanent organization. There is even talk of running—and electing—a slate of APSA officers.

The success of the caucus, and the way in which it changed its nature as it began to investigate the discipline in which it was involved, suggests a wider trend among the nation's scholars. In more and more professional associations, caucuses will examine the myths and distortions of the various fields, and will organize within the organizations to elect their own officers. It is a growing conviction that, in order to create a radical policy in America, it is necessary to unfetter the brilliance of the many social scientists who are now restricted by bias, myth and misperception—all cloaked in the garb of objectivity and scholasticism.

ARENA OF GOLD

EUROPE DEFIES THE DOLLAR

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Within the last year traditionally staid international monetary markets have been rocked twice, first by devaluation of the British pound, and then by a gold panic. For the first time since the 1930s world attention has riveted on the esoteric centers of finance in London, Zurich, Geneva and Paris, with the pulse of the world's economy being measured daily by foreign exchange rates and gold prices. Right now all eyes are on the annual fall meeting of the International Monetary Fund, to be held in Washington September 30-October 4, where decisions taken may affect the lives of U.S. workers, French peasants and Vietnam combatants alike. For behind the dry statistics and the apparently mysterious workings of the international monetary system major forces are engaged in a great power struggle. My aim here is to shed light on the operation of these forces in response to recent events, as well as to suggest prospects for the future.

Since space is limited, my analysis must necessarily be somewhat dogmatic. I shall develop three major ideas: (*1*) The United States and continental Europe are engaged in a titanic subsurface economic struggle, primarily over the role of U.S. investment in Europe. The outcome may determine whether Europe can survive as an independent entity. (*2*) The respective roles of gold and the dollar in the world economy are at the focus of this struggle. (*3*) The mechanics of the struggle are such that its resolution may be determined in the end, not by the nations involved but by individual speculators on both sides of the Atlantic, with potentially disastrous consequences for all.

First, some historical background. In the 1930s, as a result of the Great Depression and the specter of war, capital fled from Europe to the United States, which built up an enormous gold hoard. This stock of gold rose from $10 billion in 1935 to $22 billion in 1940, at which time the United States held the bulk of the world's gold. World War II physically destroyed the economies of all the European powers but Great Britain, which it vastly weakened. At the same time, the economic and financial power of the United States was greatly increased; its gold holdings reached a peak of $25 billion in 1949. The Marshall Plan helped to rebuild Europe, but partly at the price of increasing U.S. penetration of Europe and former European colonies. [See "The Dollar Invades Europe," *The Nation*, September 18, 1967.] The book value (basically the original cost) of direct U.S. foreign private investment rose world-wide from $12 billion in 1950—the order of magnitude at which U.S. overseas investment stood in the 1930s—to $33 billion in 1960, and more than $60 billion today. And everyone agrees that these figures greatly understate the real value of the assets the United States has accumulated. (As an example, the whole of U.S. Middle Eastern oil investment is carried on the books at $1.5 billion, but this figure excludes the value of the 150 billion barrels of oil proven to be in the ground; that is one reason why the reported rate of return on Middle East investment is more than 50 per cent per year.) Thus, what these figures really show is not the absolute level of investment but its rapid rate of growth.

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At the same time, in almost every year since 1950, the United States has had a balance of payments deficit. This means that, including our foreign investment overseas, we have spent more abroad than foreigners have spent here. How have we paid for this deficit? The answer, of course, is to be found in the historic willingness of foreigners to accept dollars or gold in exchange for giving the United States real economic assets. Up until 1957 foreigners were willing to take dollars, and the U.S. gold hoard stayed at about the 1950 level. From 1958 on, however, foreigners began increasingly to demand gold, and the U.S. gold stock has shrunk to about $10 billion.

Why the shift? One reason is that, despite current U.S. assertions to the contrary, gold is still the only universally accepted currency. The ultimate strength of the dollar as an international currency lay in the huge supply of gold available to reclaim any unwanted dollars presented at the U.S. bank window. As the supply of dollars in the hands of foreigners grew increasingly larger than the value of U.S. holdings in gold, the creditors naturally became increasingly suspicious of our ability to pay their claims in the only currency they really trusted.

A second reason was the drive, particularly by the French, under de Gaulle, to slow down U.S. investment in Europe. This investment has risen from $2 billion in 1950 to $6 billion in 1960 and to $20 billion today. The theory was that if Europe demanded gold, the United States would have to curb its dollar outflow in order to maintain its gold stock, and ultimately would have to cut its foreign investment. Put another way, as long as Europe was willing to pile up dollars, the United States could go on building and buying real assets in Europe (as elsewhere in the world).

The French foreign trade secretary, on visiting the United States, presented the position as follows:

> We could permit a much larger American presence in our economy as the Germans are doing, and it would be easy politically. There would be more jobs and faster growth. But to be politically responsible to the generations to come, we have to see that these generations have the weapons to defend themselves—economic weapons. If we did nothing, in a few years we would have the same problems as Latin America has. The idea has taken hold in American financial circles that the way to take care of the United States' favorable balance of trade with France is to export capital. This is a policy whereby we could become a medium developed country in the future. This explains our attitude on gold. *We don't want to take America's gold, we just want to stop the overabundance of American capital in France.* (*Wall Street Journal*, February 24, 1966; emphasis added.)

The United States on the other hand has strenuously resisted these efforts to curb its overseas investment. The whole history of the approach to reducing our balance of payments deficit—from the first attempts to decrease loans to foreigners down to recent talk of taxes to reduce overseas travel—shows the desire to find other solutions, short of seriously constraining the growth of U.S. foreign investment.

On a theoretical plane it has sometimes been argued that there is nothing inherently wrong with the deficit. This view was well stated by three leading U.S. economists, Emile Despres, Charles Kindleberger and Walter Salant, writing in the London *Economist* (which dubbed their position "the new nationalism"):

> The dollar is the world's standard of value. . . . An annual growth in Europe's dollar holdings averaging, perhaps, $1.5 to $2 billion a year or perhaps more for a long time is *normal expansion for a bank the size of the United States with a fast-growing world as its body of customers.* (February 5, 1966; emphasis added.)

Now, if this whole struggle were merely between the United States and France (or between the United States and a de Gaulle obsessed with power, as it is sometimes portrayed), then it would have only fleeting historical interest, thanks to the United States' far greater power. But it seems clear that de Gaulle and the French do not stand alone, that they have strong if quiet support in continental Europe. In the arena of money, actions speak louder than words. Back in the late 1950s most of the continental governments held little gold. Today, while France holds about $4.5 billion worth of the metal, West Germany has $4.5 billion, the Benelux countries $3 billion, and Italy $2.5 billion. Thus the Common Market countries together hold about $15 billion in gold, which accounts for almost two-thirds of their international reserves. Lest one think that this merely reflects nervousness on the part of all foreign governments as to the redeemability of the dollar, note that the proportion of gold to total reserves for the rest of the world is reversed. The United States' best customer on the basis of holding dollars is Japan, which keeps less than one-fifth of its reserves in gold. Japan, however, restricts U.S. investment directly.

To sum up, in the last ten years the increasingly dominant factor in U.S.-European economic relations has been the growth of U.S. foreign investment. It has caused the

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dollar outflow which, as these dollars are cashed for gold, has led to the gold crisis in the United States. Where do we go from here? The situation is now critical and something must give.

To see what is likely to give one has to examine the balance between two basic sets of economic forces. The first set is the real economic forces, involving the control of production and profits. The second set is the financial forces, involving control of money and gold.

As to the real forces, the most important fact of current international economy is the enormous U.S. position overseas. The view from Europe on this situation has been dramatically summarized in a recent European bestseller, *The American Challenge,* by Jean Servan-Schreiber: "In fifteen years the third industrial power, after the United States and the USSR, could well be not Europe but American industry in Europe." This is true despite the fact that less than 10 per cent of European industry is now controlled by U.S. corporations. While still relatively small, this investment is growing much more rapidly than the indigenous investment. Also, U.S. investment is heavily concentrated in the key growth industries—computers, electronics, chemicals, etc. These are not only the high-profit industries but also the high-technology industries that all agree will dominate the future economy. Moreover, the simple arithmetic of foreign investment must also disturb Europeans: with U.S. investment in Europe earning 10 to 15 per cent per year, while the European economies grow at perhaps 5 per cent a year, the United States could steadily increase its share of industry in Europe merely by plowing back profits made in Europe. Using European labor and European markets, American industry could grow toward domination of Europe without sending an additional dollar from the United States.

For the same reasons—high profits plus great growth potential—U.S. industry has a strong interest in increasing its European investment. In addition, U.S. industry wants a heavy investment in Europe in order to profit from its investment in raw-material production in the underdeveloped world. For example, there would be far less value to the enormous U.S. oil investment in the Middle East if that oil couldn't be pumped into European refineries or marketed to European customers, as is now done on such a huge scale.

While many Europeans have pointed out the dangers of U.S. domination of their industry, they face for several reasons an apparent dilemma in dealing with it. For one thing, the separate European nations are too small to generate consistently companies as large and powerful as those that have grown up in the vast U.S. market and are now invading Europe. Size gives major advantages, not only by allowing low-cost mass production but also by providing the huge resources needed to invest in new developments, particularly those of technology, in training management and in other intangibles. (Thus U.S. international companies have benefited most from the European Common Market because since its inception they have set up operations to compete in the whole market rather than in single countries.)

Another problem for those who would curb the Americans is the disunity of the Common Market countries. The fact is, as de Gaulle learned several years ago, that if France says, "No we will not allow a U.S. auto firm to put a plant in France," the company can outflank him by building it in a neighboring country (in this case, Belgium) and exporting to France.

A more fundamental problem is that if the Common Market countries adopted a united front to constrain further U.S. investment, but took no other steps, they would fall further and further behind technologically. But machine breaking, sabotage, will work no better now than it ever has in the past, and one way or another Europe will "acquire" the new technology. If U.S. firms cannot bring it in outright through investment, they will "smuggle" it by embodying it in U.S. exports. Thus the new technology incorporated in cheaper and superior U.S. goods would not only capture markets in Europe but also in the rest of the world and thereby render impotent a European economy heavily dependent on trade. Rather than suffer this catastrophe most Europeans would probably choose direct U.S. investment. The end of that road might be a psychically painful Canada-type satellite economy with the bulk of industry owned by the United States, but at least the standard of living would be relatively high.

The solution which most Europeans would obviously prefer is for Europe "somehow" to create its own resources for overcoming the "technology gap." The major snag is the investment, huge relative to Europe's resources, required not only for building new factories but for research, education, etc. For example, the French Government had to allocate $80 million, as an initial sum merely for research, to launch an all-French computer company which it is hoped will be a viable competitor to the U.S. giants.

If money is the main obstacle, the key to obtaining resources for European self-development may lie in Europe's vast gold hoards. In a sense, what is needed is a reversal of the basic exchange which has underlain U.S.-European economic relations for two decades. During this period the U.S. has built up enormous real economic power in Europe by investment in factories and business organizations. In exchange, Europeans have accrued enormous financial power, in the form of hoards of gold and dollars. Up to this point it has been a poor trade for the Europeans because the gold and dollar hoards are essentially sterile; the gold earns nothing and the dollars, even when held in U.S. Treasury notes, earn only a few per cent a year. U.S. foreign investment, on the other hand, is far more profitable and can grow rapidly simply by profit plowback. Moreover, while the purchasing power of the dollar declines in the current inflationary period, the value of the U.S. investment rises.

The Europeans cannot catch up now simply by disgorging their gold and dollar hoards, because this would encourage the United States to accelerate its investment. After all, it is only the Europeans' increased appetite for gold that has forced the United States to make any attempt to slow down its overseas investment program. But Europe now has an opportunity to attempt to recoup some of its losses through a world-wide devaluation of the

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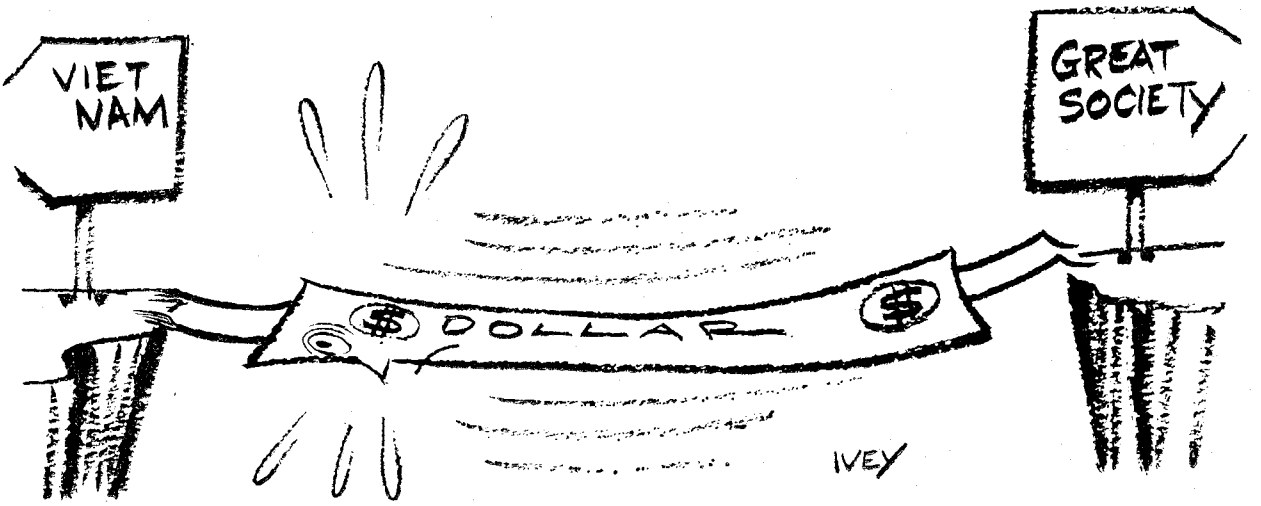

dollar along with all other currencies, i.e., by a big jump in the price of gold.

A world-wide devaluation of all currencies by the same percentage would not change their relationship: one U.S. dollar would still exchange for four German marks or five French francs. Hence no country would gain a trade advantage over any other. The primary beneficiaries would be the major gold-producing countries—South Africa and the Soviet Union—plus countries with large hoards of gold, that is, most of continental Europe. The Common Market countries alone hold $15 billion in gold officially, and private accumulations tucked away in mattresses and Swiss safe deposit boxes may be on the order of $10 billion. Thus, if the price of gold were doubled, the Common Market countries would enjoy a "windfall profit" on the order of $25 billion, or more than the book value of U.S. investment in all of Europe.

Such an enormous windfall could go a long way toward making Europe a great independent industrial power. Some of it might be used to buy out at premium prices the European plants of U.S. firms, or even in certain key industries to purchase the complete operations of smaller U.S. firms with good technological prospects. More important, most of this money could be spent to improve education, support basic and applied research, and promote European firms in the crucial growth sectors. Such efforts would be greatly assisted by the fact that the bulk of the windfall would accrue directly to the European central governments. While the governments could either set up state (or even interstate) companies or liberally subsidize private firms in the crucial industries, the fundamental point is that the money would be initially concentrated where presumably there would be a will to use it.

The United States Government is completely opposed to such a world-wide devaluation. Still, it is conceivable that the European governments could force the issue, either by threatening to "bankrupt" the United States by demanding gold in exchange for their dollars, or by concertedly devaluing their own currencies and thus threatening the U.S. trade position. Therefore one may well ask why, if a jump in the price of gold would be so enormously profitable for the Europeans, they have not taken either of these steps toward a devaluation in their currencies.

One deterrent must be the fear that any massive change in the value of currencies could so shatter confidence in international finance and money markets as to wreck international trade and bring on a world depression. Second, the windfall benefit would be unevenly distributed among the European powers. France would benefit by far the most, and West Germany, the strongest European power, might fear such a boost to its neighbor's position. Finally, and probably the most important reason for European caution, is that even if Europe were united on this strategy it would probably provoke an open and violent struggle with the United States, which has a tremendous stake in not letting Europe simply buy out investment that has been built up over twenty years, or in allowing Europe to develop the kind of rival economic base which would threaten the profits of U.S. firms.

One weapon the Americans might use, and which they have hinted at, is the countering of a European run on their gold supply by refusing to have anything further to do with gold. According to these quarters, the value of Europe's gold hoards might then *shrink* drastically since only the willingness of the U.S. Government to buy and sell gold at $35 an ounce keeps the price that high. Lacking that support, it is said, gold's price would sink toward its use value as an industrial metal, estimated by some at less than $10 an ounce. While Europeans may doubt the ability of the United States to abandon gold, as well as the consequent drop in price if it did, the situation is sufficiently uncertain to signal caution. For one thing, U.S. abandonment of a fixed gold price would mean freely fluctuating exchange rates, which in turn might prove a serious barrier to international trade.

All parties agree that something must be done soon about the precarious situation. The United States sees a long-run solution in the ultimate elimination of gold's role (and implicitly the triumph of the dollar's role) in the world monetary system. In fact, U.S. monetary experts sometimes talk about the gold problem as if it were caused by a psychological hang-up on the part of those who so tenaciously cling to the yellow metal; the Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board even refers to it as a "barbarous

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relic." The immediate U.S. aim is to push through at the forthcoming International Monetary Fund meetings the tentatively agreed-on creation of IMF special drawing rights (SDRs), sometimes called "paper gold." As for the technology gap, the U.S. position seems to be that Europe is foolish to worry, since U.S. control of European industry will bring with it a rising standard of living. But if Europeans insist on indigenous control of industry, then a "United States of Europe" should be formed, with Great Britain as a key component. (See U.N. Ambassador George Ball, *The Discipline of Power.*)

The European response varies within and among countries, depending largely on particular self-interests, with the French being the most hostile. But there is certainly a general agreement among the Europeans, who for two decades have provided the United States with billions of dollars worth of factories in exchange for millions of ounces of gold, that now is no time to "forget about" this barbarous relic just because it has little "intrinsic" value. (By analogy, the rest of the world might tell the United States to forget about its overseas factories and mines, since its claim to them rests in ownership certificates which are just worthless pieces of paper that cannot even be used to fill teeth; such is the subversive logic of those who would consign gold to the monetary scrap heap.) Europeans must find this U.S. attempt to downgrade gold particularly irritating because twenty-five years ago at the Bretton Woods Conference the United States rejected Keynes's proposal for an analogue of the current "paper gold" plan precisely because it insisted on the supremacy of metallic gold. At that time of course the United States held two-thirds of the world's supply.

As to the immediate financial crises, Europeans also generally agree that the U.S. balance of payments deficit must be reduced as a first step. It now seems clear that, at the historic Basel meeting of last March, where the two-tier gold price system was established and agreement was tentatively reached on the outlines of the SDRs, this agreement was coupled with an understanding that, at a minimum, the United States would not escalate its commitment in Vietnam. But how much additional pressure the European governments would be willing to exert today is not at all clear. The whole Basel package of hastily constructed financial agreements seems so unworkable in the long run as to suggest that it is a stalling tactic on the part of everyone to cool down the situation, while further struggles and bargaining go on behind the scenes. After all, something was necessary at that time, since the international money markets were running wild and panic was rapidly setting in.

Regarding the proposed U.S. solution for overcoming its real economic lead, France at least seems unalterably opposed to letting Great Britain into "Europe," viewing it as a Trojan horse for the Americans. Since France takes this position there is little need for the other European countries to show their hands. (As with many problems involving delicate relations with the United States, de Gaulle serves as a convenient "lightning rod" for other European governments.) In any event, none of the Common Market countries wants Great Britain to come in without resolution of its sterling problem, which leads back again to the financial crises.

In an ultimate sense the crucial question would seem to be whether European capital is really prepared to slug it out with U.S. capital for supremacy in Europe, and ultimately for a significant position in the underdeveloped world, or whether it is prepared to accept the subordinate role of running the relatively stagnant and less profitable traditional industries such as textiles and steel. Given the rate at which technology is developing, a decision must be made soon before the U.S. lead becomes virtually insurmountable. Undoubtedly there are strong groups within Europe that would be content with a subordinate position. For example, the Belgian steel producer who can have his profits improved by computerization may be eager for IBM to come in with the best equipment available. Again, European executives of U.S. firms, or the indigenous suppliers of these firms, may be eager for further U.S. expansion.

Nevertheless, the Common Market countries have not reached the point (as Great Britain probably has) where their capitalist class as a whole is so weak as to be unwilling to fight for these new markets. Many competent European companies are holding their own in the face of fierce U.S. competition. Moreover, there is beginning a wave of European mergers which can help strengthen their financial ability to move into the new industries. Thus if the European governments felt they had a reasonable chance to pull off the kind of financial coup discussed earlier, they would probably ultimately attempt it.

However, in the last year the financial crisis has so accelerated that the final resolution may no longer lie in the relatively cool and carefully calculating hands of European and U.S. governments, but rather in the hot and recklessly greedy hands of the world's monetary speculators. International finance has become the world's most widespread crap game, with potential quick profits which make the rewards from speculation in cats and dogs on the American Stock Exchange look feeble by comparison. Bets are placed either by selling short on a specific weak currency which might have to be devalued (and can thereby be bought back later at a lower price) or by buying gold in the hope of a universal currency devaluation.

The first case which whetted the appetites of the world's "hot money" gamblers was last fall's successful raid on the British pound, which ended in devaluation. This was not only enormously profitable to the speculators but also showed such speculation to be a favorite sport for a much larger number of people than ever before. A *Wall Street Journal* report (November 22, 1967) neatly captures the flavor of the game:

> Some of the boys in Youngstown, Ohio, found the stock market too erratic for their taste last week, so they looked for something safer—like a raid on the British pound sterling.
>
> The group—eight to 10 doctors, lawyers, and other professional men with a sophisticated bent for speculation—made their decision Friday to plunge into the murky waters of international finance. By 2 P.M. (E.S.T.) when the time difference cut short their trading, they had borrowed and sold short 70,000 pounds.
>
> "We thought we'd have time to sell more pounds short

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Monday," says one of the group, but Britain's abrupt devaluation Saturday night ended the foray. Selling short 70,000 pounds is small compared to operations of bigger speculators and bear raiders in Continental Europe. But it was enough, with the devaluation, to assure the Ohioans collectively a profit of more than $23,000 on the $20,000 cash they put up to go short on sterling valued Friday at nearly $196,000.

The second round of speculation centered on private purchases of gold in the open market, which this spring drove the price of gold up to $45 an ounce. Further, it forced the U.S. and European governments to close down their international gold pool which had previously successfully stabilized gold at $35 an ounce. While gold's price declined to the $40 level, speculators who had bought at the official support price of $35 and sold at $40 realized a few hundred per cent profit on their investment in a short time (most of the money to buy gold is borrowed from banks, thereby "leveraging" the speculator's own money). Since spring, the free market price of gold has been fluctuating around $40, indicating that speculators still hope for a world-wide devaluation. (So too does the government of South Africa which has been refusing to sell enough gold on the open market to drive the price back to $35.)

The very activities of monetary speculators can help to make the rumors of world-wide devaluation a self-fulfilling prophecy. For one thing, the difference between the free market price and the official price of gold is a naked index of world confidence in paper moneys. As the gap —which is itself stimulated by speculative buying—gets wider, governments may begin to panic and turn in their dollars to Washington for gold, thereby bringing on a monetary breakdown. Then, as the gap grows smaller, central banks, which can legally cash their dollars for gold through the U.S. Treasury at $35, may be tempted to resell this gold secretly on the private market, at perhaps $50 per ounce, and then seek more gold from the United States at $35. As an economist connected with a European government put it, "There are a lot of crooks around, and some of them are central bankers" (*Wall Street Journal*, March 18).

Finally, in a period of increasing monetary uncertainty, speculators jump on any currency that looks weak, and sell it short. Since this is a game where he who stumbles gets kicked again to keep him down, such speculative pressures can themselves be the deathblow. Any devaluation now of a major currency could force a self-protective chain reaction ending in universal devaluation. This is important because, even after its recent devaluation, sterling is under renewed speculative fire, as is the franc because of the social upheaval in France.

It is interesting that, while the latter event has weakened de Gaulle's position somewhat, the net effect may yet be to hasten a world devaluation. For one thing, the gold which France has lost since its "revolution" has largely filled the coffers of the other European governments, thereby giving them a greater direct stake in an increased gold price. Moreover, if France is forced to devalue (or chooses to act as if it were) this might bring on the world-wide devaluation.

Given the underlying conflicts of U.S. and European interests in the international economy, the upshot of all this wild speculation could turn out to be a chaotic rout for all. Financial markets could collapse, international trade and investment dry up, and internal economies be badly depressed. The growing brinkmanship between the United States and Europe is thus an extremely dangerous game. However, it would not be the first time that nations in pursuit of their "vital interests" have miscalculated and fallen into the crevasse. The events unfolding at the International Monetary Fund meetings in Washington this time will be studied all over the world for clues as to whether we are moving closer to the edge.

POLITICS TOMORROW

THE NEW COALITIONS

WILLIAM L. ABBOTT
Mr. Abbott, who served on the Steering Committee of Volunteers for McCarthy, was Education Director of the United Rubber Workers from 1960 to April, 1968. He is currently a specialist in labor-management education at the University of Hawaii.

The Humphrey victory at the Chicago Democratic convention may well be the last hurrah for the Liberal-Labor-Negro coalition which has served this nation moderately well since the beginning of FDR's New Deal thirty-five years ago. The times are fast changing and younger Americans are looking for a new kind of politics, as the candidacies of McCarthy and Kennedy so well illustrated.

Louis Harris noted "deep undercurrents of change" in those he polled during the primaries. "Shaping up in this country," he said, "are two new political coalitions: one advocating change and one resisting change." The new coalitions have been created by three major issues. One is the question of Vietnam and America's mission as a world power. This is a moral or conscience issue, as is the second issue of "whether some 20 million black people in this country are going to be able to obtain the freedom to achieve equal status with the whites." The third issue dividing the American people Harris sees as the generation gap. He asserts that youthful nonconformists "now want to change radically the colleges, the Federal Government, the arts and the style of life to meet their contemporary tastes and standards."

Harris groups the "Change Coalition" into "Negroes,

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Spanish-speaking and Jewish people, the young, the affluent and educated." The "No-Change coalition" is the "Deep South whites, low income whites in Northern industrial centers, conservative suburbanites and older people."

The old coalitions were based primarily on economic interests and possessed an economic orientation which is missing to a great degree among the affluent middle class, who in the words of Eugene McCarthy want "to be more rather than to have more or use more." This is a qualitative change from the New Deal economic liberal who was preoccupied with the production of material goods. John Kenneth Galbraith said of him: ". . . production did more than impress the liberal. It became his program, and it established something akin to a monopoly over his mind. . . . Increased production solved, or seemed to solve, all of the social problems of the day." But the new liberal or radical cannot be satisfied by aspiring to things he inherited at birth. Young people never knew the Great Depression; they had no crying need for material possessions so valuable to their fathers; because of the sacrifices their fathers made for them they could now behave in terms of conscience and individual life styles.

These are the people supporting men like Eugene McCarthy. In New Hampshire, McCarthy lost the older voters but carried those under 35 by a 49-to-41 margin. While he lost the high school educated voter, McCarthy won the college educated Democrat by 51 to 42 per cent.

The mathematics of the situation show that the college educated middle class is gaining rapidly in numerical strength and will become the major political factor of the future. Thirty per cent of our total population is now in school and 6,100,000 are in college. College enrollments have increased by 70 per cent since 1960 and they are expected to rise to between 9,700,000 and 11,800,000 by 1985.

The median family income for 1965 was $6,900 or more than double the figure for 1947. The gains in real income are up by 61 per cent. Those earning more than $10,000 a year have increased from 7 per cent in 1947 to 25 per cent of the population in 1965.

Thus American society is becoming richer and better educated. The old conservative coalition and the Liberal-Labor-Negro coalition are being held together more or less artificially by the convention actions of the two American political parties.

Richard Nixon is trying to make sure of the no-change group by writing off the black vote and appealing to the white backlash. One illustration of Nixon's potential power is Milwaukee's Polish South Side, which has successfully barred Negroes from the area, and whose residents in 1967 viciously abused Father Groppi and his open-housing marchers when they ventured across the 6th Street Viaduct separating the North from the South Side. In the past, this heavily unionized area has voted solidly Democratic, but neither the unions nor the Democrats may be able to hold the line in an ethnic area of upward striving people who feel the need to look down on somebody lower on the ladder.

A survey of union members by John Kraft showed that 46 per cent of all union members earn between $7,500 and $15,000 a year. Nearly 50 per cent are less than 40 years old, and they support the economics of the welfare state by a hefty 3-to-1 margin. However, as far as open housing is concerned, only 43 per cent of these same unionists supported the idea. Nixon is in a position to capture a sizable portion of the labor vote if he can project a more liberal economic image while appearing opposed to social change. He has competition from George Wallace's crusade against "the preachers, the professors, the judges and the newspaper editors who've been looking down their noses at you and telling you they know better than you do how to run your life." Samuel Lubell feels that the Wallace rebellion promises "the same kind of recognition [for the *nouveau riche* redneck] that Al Smith stood for to the Catholics in the 1920s" and that it is "a kin cousin to the militancy of the Negro."

In pure numbers the middle class will replace the working class as the political muscle for the new coalition. So all labor is divided into at least two parts: the conservatives led by George Meany, head of the AFL-CIO, who want to maintain the *status quo* of unionism; and the progressives, led by Walter Reuther, who want change. When labor could unite on economic matters it was indeed a force to be reckoned with. Its Committee on Political Education is at present composed of knowledgeable, able personnel under Al Barkan who must certainly be rated as one of America's most masterful political organizers. But COPE's propaganda strategy is to terrify the union leaders with pictures of what the Republicans will do to unions once they get in power. COPE uses this appeal because it is far and away the most effective one with aging unionists—and the young are not often around to hear the message. But it is a conservative appeal for maintaining things as they are.

Reuther will undoubtedly support Hubert Humphrey, but he has formed with the giant Teamsters union the Alliance for Labor Action which will undertake joint organizing, community and political efforts. On each of these levels cross-fertilization could occur with allies in the change coalition, and unionists who have Reuther's general orientation must (with pleasure, it is hoped) learn to groove with ghetto blacks and middle-class intellectuals.

For a start, communication has to be re-established with the young worker who constitutes about half the entire labor movement and who is in revolt against the labor establishment, expressing his disapproval often irrationally by rejecting many excellent contracts negotiated by his union leadership. But the union means little to him because his values, as a product of affluence, are different. He doesn't appreciate the sacrifices the old-timers made to give him the benefits he takes for granted; he doesn't value pensions and other benefits as glorious gains dearly won. He sees the union clique and wants to know why it is so difficult for young people to get into office. He wants action and he sees an old-timer debating society. He wants an association which will point to a better way of life, and all he hears about is seniority. He is no longer on the job very long and he has become home-centered; he doesn't see the union doing very much for

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him in the community arena where his interests are concentrated.

There are also formidable anti-change forces within the house of labor, from George Meany to the union shop steward. While they could join a coalition for economic change, one is not likely to see even the average union leader allied with white intellectuals, student activists and ghetto blacks. A 1963 survey of one of the most forward-looking international unions in the nation showed typical union leaders favoring national economic planning by 61 per cent, National Health Insurance by 82 per cent and school integration by 78 per cent. But 41 per cent believed that Barry Goldwater should be barred as a speaker at union meetings, 36 per cent believed that no Republican should teach social sciences, 48 per cent said that no Socialist should teach social sciences, and 61 per cent would not permit Communists to speak in public at all. Intolerance of dissent has been an unfortunate mark of the labor movement, which still considers itself a garrison holding off hostiles at gun point.

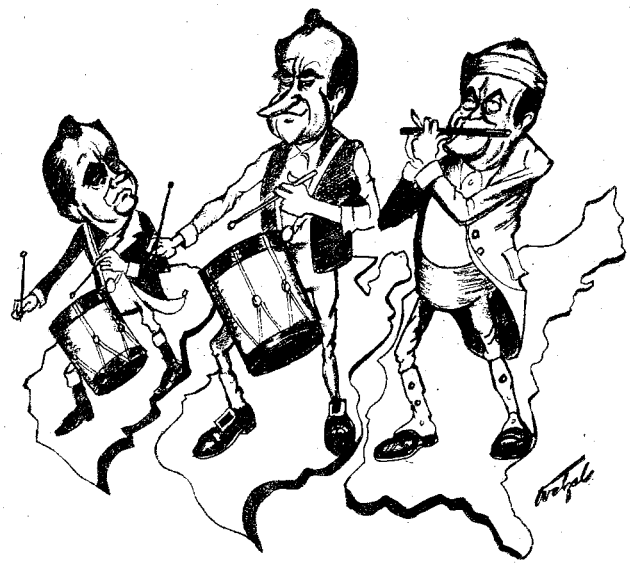
George Meany has set a pattern of intolerance by saying that a meeting of more than 600 labor leaders who met late in 1967 in Chicago to protest American policies in Vietnam was "planned in Hanoi." He had student anti-Vietnam protesters expelled as "kooks" from the San Francisco convention, and in the 1968 Indiana Presidential primary he ignored the vote of the Indiana State AFL-CIO not to endorse any candidate and, according to Walter Reuther, "intervened massively" on behalf of the Administration candidate, Gov. Roger Branigin. The battle scars from such arbitrary actions are bound to endure; labor faces a future of political division.

If labor is no longer united, the Negro is also going through the throes of change. Bayard Rustin, who is on the speaking circuit for the AFL-CIO, urging unionists to forget their differences over Vietnam and support the "Liberal-Labor-Negro coalition" for the sake of survival, has identified himself with the old politics of Hubert Humphrey, so old in fact, that a recent piece of Humphrey campaign literature discussed the Vice President's record and ideas on both foreign and domestic policy and failed to mention the war in Vietnam even once! The old politics means that you gloss over the issues of division and concentrate on those which unite. But what if the issue is a moral one and looms so large it will not go away? Can the politics of a happy face replace the problem?

Something like that happened in civil rights. White liberals and the black middle class combined to preach the gospel of tolerance for other races. Tolerance would lead to understanding, which would lead to brotherhood, which would lead to blissful integration. Organizations like the National Conference of Christians and Jews put on Brotherhood Dinners where whites and blacks smiled politely at each other, and awarded a brotherhood award to a local newspaper publisher who would give them a good play in his paper.

Liberal mayors formed civic unity committees composed of blue-chip citizens who could be counted on not to create unpleasantness. If some troublemaking group like the Congress on Racial Equality complained about police brutality, the committee would ask the chief of police if his men were brutal. Upon the chief's shocked denial, it would issue a press release saying such slurs on the noble men in blue were completely unfounded.

Conflict was the enemy because it bred disharmony. Liberal programs of urban renewal displaced the blacks of the slums, destroying their community and crowding them into new and worse slums. The War on Poverty scattered some money for the poor to fight over, and 10



The Spirit of '76

million Americans went to bed hungry each night despite the gilded words of the New Deal, Fair Deal, New Frontier and Great Society.

Then in Alabama conflict began and young people rode South as freedom riders. Martin Luther King began to march and young blacks rediscovered manhood as they sat in at lunch counters, faced jail and dogs and cattle prods to win their rights. The U.S. Supreme Court decision desegregating the schools was a sham without local battles and sacrifices to force the white community to obey the law. Civil rights bills lacked muscle on the local level. The old smiling politics of harmony had been used to keep the community power structure unchallenged and undisturbed. No wonder young militants were antagonistic toward their middle-class elders and their white allies. They didn't try to change society by smiling at people and saying "Yassa boss" with a Harvard accent, but built power centers and cultivated their own strength. They went into battle on the battlefield they chose—that of direct action, of confrontation. They built their own community unions, renters unions and cooperative factories. They formed their own associations, not fraternities and sororities like the Negro middle class, aping the worst of the white world. Theirs were associations with concrete identity and militant solidarity.

Many of these young freedom riders had white skins, and as the civil rights movement colored itself more and more black, the whites began to turn their protest against the war in Vietnam. They began to demand more of a voice in the conditions under which they worked, in most

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cases, the university. Hippies rejected the life styles of their parents. The neatly groomed organizational man with his two-car garage and picture-window house in suburbia became a despised symbol of the craven age of McCarthyism and conformity.

Above all, the youthful activist was motivated by conscience. He agreed with Henry David Thoreau: "Must a citizen ever for a moment, or in the least degree, resign his conscience to the legislator? Why has every man a conscience, then? I think that we should be men first, and subjects afterward. . . ." He saw the Vietnamese War in terms of an immoral American attempt to impose its will on a small defenseless country. And he asked why the United States supports right-wing military dictatorships and calls them members of the "free world." All was hypocrisy. And then Sen. Eugene McCarthy challenged President Johnson's war on moral grounds, and politics took on a new dimension for idealistic young people.

Like any social phenomenon, McCarthy's success didn't just miraculously appear, although a number of pollsters, politicians and newsmen probably thought so when the thunderbolt struck. The McCarthy story, which is the rise of the programmatic liberal with a conscience (probably a more apt description than "intellectual"), is an evolutionary one which began with the World War II veteran who returned determined to build a better world.

In Wisconsin in 1946, the Progressive Party voted to join the GOP in a desperate effort to save its leader, Robert M. LaFollette, from defeat. The result was a national catastrophe, because Joseph McCarthy beat LaFollette and knocked out what was left of the old agrarian protest movement. The field was open for a new kind of idealistic urban liberal and, with an indefatigable full-time organizer, Patrick Lucey, this new breed formed the Democratic Organizing Committee to take the party away from bumbling, ineffectual ward-heeling types. Young liberals like Henry Reuss, Gaylord Nelson and William Proxmire read thoughtful papers on social and economic reform to one another, and with the aid of newspapers like the Madison *Capital Times* they began to create a new ideology that was slow in coming to the fore because their kind were still too few in numbers.

In New York City, Reform Democrats began to challenge Tammany Hall. The Independent Voters of Illinois was formed as a liberal alternative to the Chicago Democratic machine. In California, Democratic clubs proliferated and became a liberal focal point. And there were similar developments in other states, Massachusetts for one. The candidacy of Adlai Stevenson served as an important stimulus for the organization of urban liberals throughout the country.

According to James Q. Wilson, who studied Democratic clubs in depth, all had certain common characteristics. Differentiating the "amateur" from the "professional politician," Wilson said: "The amateur politician sees the political world more in terms of ideas and principles than in terms of persons"; whereas "the professional . . . is preoccupied with the outcome of politics in terms of winning or losing. Politics, to him, consists of concrete questions and specific persons who must be dealt with in a manner that will 'keep everybody happy' and thus minimize the possibility of defeat at the next election." Written in 1962, this statement aptly describes the division between Eugene McCarthy and his supporters and the Johnson-Humphrey consensus.

These "amateurs" are young, well educated, middle class, often highly mobile, and their clubs contain a large percentage of women. Because they deal more in ideas than in personalities they tend to polarize on issues—the liberals going more toward the left and their conservative, well-educated, middle-class counterparts in the Republican Party going more toward the right.

The new liberal believes that political parties should be issue-oriented and internally democratic. Hence, his outrage over the selection of delegates in a state like Pennsylvania where the voters chose McCarthy and the bosses chose Humphrey supporters to go to the convention. The emphasis on "participatory democracy" means more to the new liberal than simple integration into existing institutions; it really means democratic control for the purpose of effecting change.

In 1937, a study of "Steelport" showed that a CIO municipal victory did not mean any fundamental change for the city. Labor wanted more equality of opportunity for upward mobility; it wanted to join the power structure, not to overthrow it. In a rough sense the CIO-PAC of the 1930s was like the Democratic clubs of today—with one big exception: programmatic liberals want to form or enter associations to change fundamentally power relationships and therefore society.

The Lynds' famous study of "Middletown" showed that as the middle class grew in numbers, so did local associations. Lloyd Warner statistically showed that while 72 per cent of the upper class belonged to associations, only 22 per cent of the lower-lower class were represented. The upper classes were joiners because "associations aid them to control the social life of the community."

Because he is middle class, the programmatic liberal builds his associations with the goal of winning control to bring about change. If he cannot have a full say in the party structure, he has his clubs to keep his identity, and power base.

The single, most important factor of 1968 has been the mounting power of the educated middle class. Because its sets of values differ from the values of those who guide the old Liberal-Labor-Negro coalition, it must form a dynamic new coalition with union dissenters, black-power organizations, and young people. Called "mean" and accused of using "rule-or-ruin tactics," by the partisans of the old coalition, the men and women of the New Politics are pointing to present-day realities: the younger and more educated Democratic voter prefers the style of a Kennedy or McCarthy to a Johnson or Humphrey, and the American population is becoming younger and better educated every day. The census is on the side of the new liberals.

The old coalition is too badly split ever to be revived as economic liberals oppose liberals of conscience, union conservatives oppose union progressives, Negroes oppose blacks. The professional politician will make overtures in

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the way Gov. John Burns did when he asked the Hawaii Volunteers for McCarthy to support whatever Democratic team the convention selected because, as he said, the worst Democrat was better than the best Republican. The McCarthyites had a mass meeting and decided to enter the Democratic Party as a separate entity, running their own candidates, and keeping their organization on a permanent basis as the voice of new liberalism in the Pacific.

It would be a disaster if those organizations formed to support New Politics candidates disbanded or allowed themselves to be used by the old political machines. Even when campaigning for established candidates, the organization should insist on its separate identity. One very practical reason for such an action is that official party organizations are hollow shells whose patronage-centered adherents haven't pounded a pavement in the precincts for years, if indeed they ever did. And labor usually has to pay lost time to its political troops to get them into the wards. The manpower this year has come from the McCarthy-Kennedy organizations, and the more these new liberals see how they can get volunteers to work, the more inclined they may be to take over the party. This is already beginning to happen in Michigan, where irate McCarthyites are out to capture county Democratic units and have succeeded in doing so in Lansing.

A more feasible alternative to a new party would be a National Democratic Organizing Committee, possibly headed by McCarthy manager Pat Lucey who performed some genuine political miracles in Wisconsin. This is something that the UAW-Teamsters political alliance could eventually join, whereas a new party might be too far out for members of this union bloc to accept. A national Democratic Organizing Committee would coordinate all New Politics groups and help them keep their identity; it would also serve to weld together the new coalition of the fast-growing liberal middle class, the labor dissenters from the George Meany establishment, and the restless and angry racial, linguistic and economic minority groups.

Thoreau had a word of advice for this situation: "A minority is powerless while it conforms to the majority; it is not even a minority then; but it is irresistible when it clogs by its own weight." And we're not even sure we are the minority any more!

LETTERS (Continued from page 258)

filed somewhere in the vast labyrinth of the Pentagon never to see the light of day again. . . .

Vern L. Bullough, Professor of History
San Fernando Valley State College

make peace, not hate

Altamont, Tenn.

DEAR SIRS: The peace movement in this country seems to be falling into the hands of certain reactionary elements of the so-called New Left. Is there no way we can eliminate the obscenities of the "Americong" and other such hate mongers from our cause? . . .

As far as I can determine, the purpose of the peace movement is peace. However small the chances are of achieving this—and chances are very small indeed—is our purpose advanced by showing how much we hate this country? What is possibly gained by showing that policemen, too, are violent? Hell, that's their job. At least, that's what they are told their job is.

One thing is certain: you will never convince Americans that the Vietnamese War is horribly wrong by carrying "enemy" flags. . . . Would it not be better to carry American flags, if we need carry any at all? What would happen if thousands of Americans carried our flag in a march on Washington or any place else? Would the police dare attack people carrying American flags?

But I forget, the New Left does not want peace, they want revolution. So we must suffer it.

Leslie V. Tischauser

new bricks

Ithaca, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: Readers of the article "Lobster Land: A Traveler in China" by Alberto Moravia [*The Nation*, Aug. 19] might be interested in knowing that one of the most prominent and influential modern Chinese writers met the problem of the Great Wall in much the way Mr. Moravia might wish. In regard to the importance of this writer, the following is a quote from Mao Tse-tung: "All Communists, all revolutionaries, all revolutionary literary and art workers should learn from the example of Lu Hsun . . . ."

This is the short thought of Lu Hsun:

Our wonderful Great Wall!

This engineering feat has left its mark on the map, and is probably known to everyone with any education the whole world over.

Actually, all it has ever done is work many conscripts to death—it never kept out the Huns. Now it is merely an ancient relic, but its final ruin will not take place for a while, and it may even be preserved.

I am always conscious of being surrounded by a Great Wall. The stonework consists of old bricks reinforced at a later date by new bricks. These have combined to make a wall that hems us in.

When shall we stop reinforcing the Great Wall with new bricks?

A curse on this wonderful Great Wall!

Lawrence H. Ravlin

cheap laugh

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: Citing titles without discussing contents is a common practice of opponents of research and scholarship, both in the Congress and outside. It is a cheap way to gain a laugh, perhaps, and to score a point. Having subscribed to *The Nation* for twenty-two years, I am surprised to find this same technique now used in its pages. If Mr. Roszak [review of *The Annotated Sherlock Holmes*, *The Nation*, Aug. 19] knows the works he mentions to be trivial, it is because he has examined their contents, not their labels. He ought to know that trivial and even meretricious research in the social sciences and humanities often carries the most resounding titles. One wonders if, coming upon it by title only and for the first time, *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte* might not receive the same scorn.

Dell Hymes, Professor of Anthropology
University of Pennsylvania

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Is There an Ethic in the House?

THE CASE AGAINST CONGRESS: A Compelling Indictment of Corruption on Capitol Hill. *By Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson. Simon & Schuster. 473 pp. $5.95.*

ABOVE THE LAW: The Rise and Fall of Senator Thomas J. Dodd. *By James Boyd. The New American Library. 352 pp. $6.50.*

FRANK J. DONNER
Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans *(Ballantine).*

There is something old-fashioned about concern with the venality of Congress. Even the rhetoric of this concern is a weary echo of yesterday's futile crusades: "lobbies," "corrupt practices," "special interests," "a public office is a public trust." These issues *have* largely exhausted American liberalism. After all, it is now sixty years since the publication of David Graham Phillips' *Treason of the Senate,* forty-three years since the passage of the still unamended and now obsolete Corrupt Practices Act, and twenty-two years since the enactment of the Lobbying Act, a statutory placebo, comforting but ineffective. A long time in which the basic evils of corrupt politics have continued to fester. And the new radicalism, swirling in the immensities of history, could hardly care less about the debauchery of Congress by big money. Why belabor the obvious?

Yet the problem irresistibly thrusts itself upon us. The tradition of Jacksonian grab has always burned brightly in Congress. Today's venality, if less crude than that of the past, is more dangerous because it is becoming institutionalized. The struggle to influence the decision-making processes is conducted by powerful private interest groups whose ties to government are multiplying at the very time that disillusionment with the political process is spreading. Politics has become big business; campaign spending in this year's national and local elections is expected to reach $250 million. To an extent only vaguely grasped by most Americans, the electoral process has become the pawn of powerful special interests, the "big donors."

Beyond this, the campaign contribution is the key that opens the door to legislative largess, the *lingua franca* of the influence seeker. It is an ideal instrument because it masks the purchase of legislative power as the exercise of a civic duty. It is legitimized by the fiction that the contributor is an altruist and the contribution a *quid* for which no *quo* is expected to return. (How Phillips raged against this fiction in *Treason of the Senate!* "Who pays the big election expenses of your congressman . . .? The bulk of the money for the 'political trust' comes from 'the interests.' . . . Do you imagine those who foot those huge bills are fools? Don't you know that they make sure of getting their money back, with interest, compound upon compound?")

Supplementing the campaign contributions are other equally safe ways of persuading the reluctant or rewarding the cooperative law maker: testimonial dinners, legal fees, honorariums for lectures and speeches (a lecture bureau in Washington specializes exclusively in booking legislators), office expense funds, poker winnings, insurance and real estate commissions, jobs for relatives and outright gifts of money, goods or services (the use of corporate aircraft, for example).

Paralleling the once unique structure of oil politics, which protects the oil depletion allowance by subsidizing the campaigns of Southern Congressional candidates and lightening the burden of their needy colleagues elsewhere, defense industries are parlaying local jobs togther with campaign contributions and related forms of persuasion distributed through subcontractors strategically selected for their influence on key legislators into super-hawkish, self-perpetuating baronies of privilege which thwart Congressional opposition to the Administration's Vietnamese policy.

Theoretically, this one-sided access to Congressional power (the average voter of course cannot make the kind of contribution which would insure his access to legislative power) is banned by statutes outlawing corporate and labor union contributions to federal election campaigns. But this prohibition is a huge joke; corporations and unions routinely evade the law and are solicited to evade it. And corporations regularly cooperate with candidates and campaign committees in dodges which compound their law violations by disguising their contributions as tax-deductible business expenses. The campaign contribution breeds deception and hypocrisy because it forces the legislator to handle money the origin of which he cannot officially acknowledge. As the late Phillip Graham, publisher of *The Washington Post,* put it:

> We force the able man entering public life to launch his career with an initial act of blatant hypocrisy, and to endure this indignity every time he runs again. Even putting the best possible face on the situation, it can be described only as morally squalid, ethically shocking and spiritually revolting.

The Bobby Baker, Powell and Dodd cases have renewed public concern with legislative corruption. The question of campaign subsidies has now been officially recognized as a problem in Executive and Senatorial proposals for democratizing campaign financing as well as in a proposed updating of the Corrupt Practices Act. We have even finally seen the emergence this spring of ethics codes for both chambers.

Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson have indeed made a *Case Against Congress.* Their devastating and timely indictment is the fruit of three decades of crusading exposé journalism. Leading representatives of our militant muckraking tradition and *the* authorities on Congressional corruption, they have made of it a lively journalistic speciality through their *Washington Merry-Go-Round,* a column syndicated in more than 600 newspapers with an estimated readership of 40 million.

Stiff with names, dates and facts, their book is an encyclopedia of the use of legislative power for private purposes. The authors' gusto carries them over an enormous territory which includes: abuse of privilege, conflicts of interest, the operations of the military-industrial, oil, banking and savings and loan, medical, drug, real estate and housing, transportation, communications, farm and other lobbies; the pay-offs disguised as legal fees, the armed services' lobby of legislators who "double in brass" as commissioned reserve officers; the irresistible power of the pork barrel; the foreign aid and sugar quota lobbyists and their Congressional collaborators and the honorarium racket.

But their angry sweep of the field—a Populist outrage that grabs the reader by the lapels and never lets go—inevitably results in a distortion in scale. The authors never distinguish between the goose and common stealers, between

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the petty cheaters who enrich or indulge themselves by converting to their own use the perquisites of office, and the "respectable" institutionalized corruption of the decision-making process in vital areas of our national life by venal legislators, many of whom would never stoop to stealing geese. (The anonymous 18th-century epigram protesting the Enclosure Act reads: "The law doth punish man or woman/That steals the goose from off the common,/But sets the greater felon loose/That steals the common from the goose.")

No matter—it isn't hard to separate out of this God's plenty the "greater felon" from the lowly buck chaser. Top billing, of course, goes to Sen. Thomas J. Dodd, the Prince Charming whose kiss finally wakened the Senate's sleeping conscience. Other case histories include Congressman (now Judge) Multer's exploitation of his position on the House Banking Committee to accept legal fees for services to building and loan associations, plus his fees from organizing a Swiss-style bank and lottery in Bermuda in evasion of the U.S. laws, and from real estate deals and the ground-floor purchase of banking stock; Senator Dirksen's profitable love affair with the drug industry, sealed by campaign contributions: Adam Powell's junketing, expense account and payroll manipulations—(vitruoso goose stealing condemned by a committee which included some seasoned common heisters); the recently retired Texas Congressman Rogers' passion for the communications and advertising industries; the offer to Congressman Mike Kirwan of a job for his son, to induce him to change his mind and authorize, after an initial rejection, a $91 million dredging project for the benefit of U.S. Steel; and the labors of the late millionaire oilman, Senator Kerr (who most resembles the magnificent Senatorial spoilsmen of the 19th century) on behalf of the oil depletion allowance.

These heavies and a half dozen others are presented in detailed biographical sketches; Dodd's and Dirksen's are especially revealing. The authors use the same technique to demonstrate the relationship between corruption and the power of committee chairmen, automatically elevated by seniority to posts for which they are unfit.

The full treatment is also accorded a group of super lobbyists and operators including Clark Clifford (the Defense Secretary emerges as a man of formidable talent; in the 1960 election he "sat solemnly at the strategy councils of the three leading Presidential contenders, advising each how to wrest the nomination from the other two") and Julius Klein, Dodd's Rasputin.

A survey of lawyer-legislators illuminates a highly important area of Congressional corruption—the use of legal fees to reward legislative favors. Of the 535 members of Congress, more than 300 are lawyers and many of them continue an active practice while serving in Congress, or draw income from their firms. The authors' study of fifty law firms with Congressional partners concludes that clients are "the vested interests of America: the banks, insurance companies, gas and oil interests, great corporations."

The authors have somehow overlooked my favorite lawyer-legislator, Sen. Sam Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina, the Claghorn's Hammurabi. Senator Ervin is a member of the Judiciary Committee, whose jurisdiction includes the courts and qualifications of judges. No labor expert, Ervin nevertheless accepted a retainer from a perennial federal labor violator for a 1964 Supreme Court argument of a case involving the law's meaning. He received a fee for his services, a violation of the spirit, if not the letter of the Corrupt Practices Act.

He subsequently defended himself against criticism for this conflict of interest by pointing to the example of Sen. Daniel Webster, but neglected to mention that Webster's legislative venality on behalf of his private clients is a well-documented part of the historical record: Webster charged the Second Bank of America for his legislative services in support of a charter renewal measure and asked the bank's president, Nicholas Biddle, to burn his correspondence. After Ervin lost the case in the Supreme Court, he conducted a hostile investigation of the Court's alleged violation of the separation of powers principle and is now leading the fight against the confirmation of Abe Fortas as Chief Justice, and continuing his attack on the Court under the banner of constitutional purity.

Ervin's citation of historical precedent is part of an extensive canon of Congressional self-justification whose modern *Urquell* is Nixon's 1952 "Checkers" speech in defense of his slush fund. The most common ploys: the charges are the work of political enemies, especially the Reds (Rivers even blamed Pearson's grave charges against him on the ADA); the legislator had no knowledge that the challenged conduct was wrong: everybody does it—why pick on me; the money was accepted without strings and thus gave the recipient the means to stay honest by refusing more compromising offers; George Washington had a stepson on his staff at Yorktown (Senator Yarborough in defense of his nepotism). Junketing, an abuse which generates the most diverting excuses, has been defended on the ground, among others, that it is "broadening" (even for lame ducks). Racist District of Columbia Chairman McMillan, a tireless foe of self-government for the District, justifies his trips to Paris on the ground that he wants to understand how urban self-government works in the event that the District (over his dead body) attains that status.

Since 1951, concerned members of both Houses have pressed for ethical codes only to be systematically frustrated by parliamentary ruses or the insistence that further study is needed. At the root of much of the resistance is the myth that the legislator has a part-time job, that he is a modern Cincinnatus who has dropped the plow after spring planting, rushed off to Washington on his horse, planning to return home for the harvesting. It is his private activity which assertedly makes him a true representative of his constituency, a notion which is at odds with the legislator's spiraling responsibilities, his lengthening political life expectancy, the amount of his compensation and his steadily improving pension rights.

Those who insist that the legislator's right to make a buck on the side is integral to his function are equally adamant in resisting financial disclosure requirements which might illuminate con-

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flicts of interest. They complain, as Pearson and Anderson tell us, "it's not fair to deprive constituents of a voice on a vital issue simply because their elected Representative has a stake in it himself."

The Code of Ethics finally adopted by the Senate is a pathetic confession of failure. The House code is an improvement over the Senate's but still falls far short of what is realistically required. And apart from the substantive weaknesses of both codes, it is questionable whether either chamber can effectively police itself through its own committees.

Such housekeeping responsibilities are traditionally delegated to Snopesish clubby types, past masters of the art of not making waves. The collective coverup is an indelible part of the folkways of both chambers which operate on the principle that the sin is not in cheating but in getting caught. Self-policing is defeated by the prevailing bipartisan "guild ethics" (the *schlock* ethics of Senatorial courtesy), a reluctance to alienate voting support by challenging practices which are widespread, and by the fear of reprisal. Each chamber can point to its official scourges, Catos who specialize in denouncing goose theft. They are the ritualistic budget shearers for whom the evil of corruption is not so much moral as fiscal.

The Dodd case illuminates the extraordinary tenderness of the Senate toward its own. The Stennis committee held no hearing until six months after the Dodd charges were aired—and then only because of the pressures generated by Pearson and Anderson. The charges and hearing ignored the documented evidence of Dodd's wholesale acceptance of "gifts" from persons and interests he was charged with investigating on the curious ground that censurable misconduct "might be difficult to prove" because "questions of judgment" were involved. In short, it embraces the thesis of the "*quid* without a *quo*," even though uncontradicted evidence showed that Dodd gave full value to his benefactors.

In its zeal to confine the case to the narrowest possible grounds, the Stennis committee even refused to act on any conduct which might also constitute a law violation. As James Boyd puts it, "The committee adopted the curious position that when a violation of ethics turned out to be so serious as to constitute a violation of law, the Senate must cease to pursue it."

The committee was content to characterize Dodd's squalid manipulation by Julius Klein as "indiscreet." With an eye to its own interests, it even took care to denounce the four employees whose disillusionment had led them to turn over incriminating documents to Pearson and Anderson. And the whole Senate could not bring itself to uphold the double-billing ground of censure—although the documentary record showed a pattern of even triple billing. (What a contrast to the treatment and punishment of Powell both by the investigating committee and the House—a difference that can only be explained by the special lust that inflames influential sections of the House whenever it is confronted with claimed wrong-doings by blacks. And when Powell was re-elected last year, more than 130 Congressmen demanded that he be prosecuted for the acts for which he was originally excluded and, indeed, the report of the Celler committee contemplated the possibility of such dual punishment.)

Dodd committed the deadliest of all of the legislative sins—the sin of excess. What the Senate establishment feared most was that Dodd's greedy overreaching would endanger its own questionable practices: would in its view,

> *Break ope the locks o' th' Senate, and bring in*
> *The crows to peck the eagles.*

James Boyd's account of the Dodd affair is well written and sensitive. Boyd, Dodd's former administrative assistant who blew the whistle on the Senator, tells his dramatic story with admirable fairness and balance. This is a curiously gentle, almost impersonal, book, wholly free of the strident self-justification which frequently mars the disclosures of the disillusioned defector. For Boyd, an inspiring father figure failed him—an experience to which he responds with grief. But those readers who are familiar with Dodd's background are not likely to

THE VENTRILOQUIST

(In Memory of J.P.)

Four years ago, dear old ventriloquist,
Your outcast voice, as pickled as von Zell's,
Buzzed chandelier, bounced off the hamster cage,
Balked, cracked, and broke out cackling
From your frozen daiquiri
To charm my daughter toward your dentures propped
Across the room (The posh part of the skull!),
An eerie death piece on the radio.

Before it died your throat had such control
That my ears now can't tell who's listening.
Today, they say, this foxglove in the park
Tells me your father couldn't understand
Why marriage was for you against the law.
One orange poppy, overweight, intones:
I drank to get myself away from me.
A model sailboat whispers: Cutty Sark . . .
Hart Crane and I loved crew cuts, liked to park,
Liked green, long, sun, deep, seals, beds, loved the dark.

Comes then from a motel in Florida—
Via this bobbing lily or the gills
Of some deep-feeder sheepshead, carp—
Your last cast as the final unclear sound
Your body must have tried to make your voice
Become its echo, emptying the tub
Of all but what remains. Found you that way,
Still buoyant, said the clerk; your belly
Full of blood, the doctor said, internal
Hemorrhage; no teeth in your head.
They too submerged beside an empty bed.

Dear lonely creature, kind ventriloquist,
You had a trick of playing with your mouth
Right to the end—I hear it in this park,
Tuning me in before you flew down South,
Speak through the blighted chestnut: Was a lark.

ROBERT HUFF

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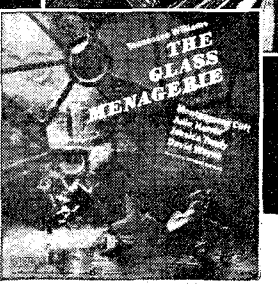

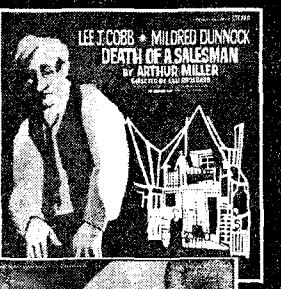

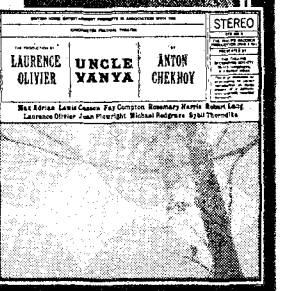

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view the Senator's disgrace as a Great Fall; he is closer to the stage of Arthur Miller than of Sophocles.

If there is bitterness in the book, it is only toward the smug lords of the Senate who took such pains to screw the lid on the case and to avoid issues which might broaden into a demand for basic reform. In the meantime, the law-enforcement agencies (the Internal Revenue Service and the Department of Justice) whose superior claims gave the Stennis committee a pretext for limiting its charges, seem to have lost interest in the whole affair. The Senator has announced his intention to run again in 1970 and predicts an easy victory.

These books sour faith in representative government. They should be especially depressing to the pluralists among our political scientists who argue that out of the interplay of contending interest-centered private groups emerges a self-regulating politics that is rational and just and what's more delivers us from the asserted horrors of mass movements and extremism threatened by a politics based on the public interest. The books demonstrate that corruption is a handmaiden of pluralist politics because private interest-centered groups buy power for a price which is determined by intergroup competition in the influence market.

Can the dispossessed who are now clamoring for inclusion in the decision-making process achieve their objectives without the capital needed to buy access to legislative power? It is not too farfetched to propose that their leader-lobbyists be supplied by the government with slush funds sufficient to buy the favor of powerful legislators. Think how the heartbreak of Resurrection City might have been avoided by campaign contributions where they could "do the most good." Maybe a huge testimonial dinner tendered by the poor to selected key committee chairmen could even now do some good.

Day-Glo & Light Nights

THE ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST. *By Tom Wolfe. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 413 pp. $5.95.*

JOEL LIEBER
Mr. Lieber's latest novel is Move! *A new novel,* The Chair, *will be published early next year (both David McKay).*

No atheist can properly understand or really explain the belief of a thorough-going believing Catholic: that's what I thought when I read Albert Goldman on rock music in *New American Review #3* and Benjamin DeMott on the same subject in *The New York Times Magazine.* You can't get across the emotional, body-responding, Dionysian, mentally charged *thing* with the kind of erudite academese they brought to the subject—even though they *were* intellectually accurate in most of their explanations. The rock movement and the scene it grew out of—drugs, hippies, dropping out—is anti-intellectual. Its emphasis is on feeling, on the physical and the sensual.

What Tom Wolfe has done in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* is come as close as seems possible, with words, at re-creating the entire mental atmosphere of a scene in which one's understanding is based on feeling rather than verbalization. His book on Ken Kesey and the origins of the psychedelic movement is nonfiction told as experimental fiction; it is a genuine feat and a landmark in reporting style.

Kesey—a small-town boy from Oregon, most likely to succeed in high school, athlete, actor and diamond-in-the-rough novelist (*Sometimes A Great Notion* and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest,* both Viking)—was introduced to drugs in 1959. He was paid $75 a day to take drugs experimentally at the Veterans Hospital in Menlo Park, Calif. Although the doctors treated him like a laboratory animal, Kesey discovered that he was no longer shut off from the world, that doors opened in his mind that he never knew existed; he found "intuitively that, he experienced the, well, it was difficult to put into words."

A clique gathered around him, the Merry Pranksters, and he became its spiritual navigator. He felt himself becoming a superhero, charismatic leader, mythological chieftain, fabulist, wizard. The group pushed further on: they bought an old school bus, wired it with sound and movie equipment, and took off with 400-horsepower energy, with tons of elaborate Ampex recording equipment, movie projectors, gallons of Day-Glo paint and, of course, whatever drug or chemical made them feel more intensely, more magically the "things" of themselves and mid-20th-century America they had previously been closed to.

Everybody went "right out front" on that bus. He could say: "I'm sorry I kicked you in the ass, but I'm not sorry I'm an ass-kicker. That's what I do, I kick people in the ass.' Everybody is going to be what they are, whatever they are, there's not going to be anything to apologize about. What we are, we're going to wail with on this whole trip."

The world divided into those who have had the experience and were *out front* and were *on the bus*—and those who hadn't, and weren't.

In 1964 that $1,500 bus was wired so sophisticatedly that inside you could record outside, and vice versa, broadcast over, replay it instantly and, frantically, cut the variable time lag between past action and present sense of it to one-thirtieth of a second. Was it fun? Wow! Did they feel bad about Stark Naked, poor gal, going stark raving mad from a bad trip? No! Didn't they later learn to give someone having a bad trip Total Attention, to sympathize, feel with her, and thus bring her out? Wasn't it, in fact, like being in a rolling, drug-induced state of Esalen-type group therapy, a roaring, joyous, record-breaking, mind-sharing, group-feeling Marathon Encounter? Yes, it was very much like that.

What started out as being a fun trip became a mission and the mission became a religion, a religion totally dedicated to *Now,* the ecstasy of living in the present. It was a devotion to capturing the unknown present experience exemplified by the desire to "wire the place so you can hear a flea fart." Kesey became the prophet, experiencing that prophetic flash of ecstasy just like Saul on the road to Damascus, Mohammed near Mecca. It wasn't that, in breaking with life's ordinary pursuits, Kesey was coming on as an "ethical prophet of conduct." Rather, he was an exemplary prophet, his own life an example for his followers. And his followers developed their own symbols, vocabulary, cultic practices, art forms and music—an entire life style.

On they roared, alert, alive—Neal Cassady monologuing while flipping sledge hammers, the others catching and throwing rubber balls to prove their competence, recording themselves and America's gas-station attendants. The Pranksters visited Leary at Millbrook and laughed at the group. *They* had turned their backs and were living in the dead past, in a meditative 3,000-year-old thing on some hillside in India; but *we're* alive, *now,* in mid-20th-century, neon-plastic-chrome-electronic America, and it's fantastic!

They were uninterested in the standard intellectual pursuits, in books, movies and politics. They spiked a Vietnam Day parade. They were the first to rediscover and dig Hermann Hesse's legendary trip, *Journey to the East.* And Kesey, footing the bill for everything, spent $103,000 of his own money on Intrepid Trips, Inc. Along the way they

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got busted on possession-of, played at zany Chaplinesque cops-and-robbers chases, got through to the Hell's Angels, and influenced the Beatles' music (Wolfe clearly suggests that the Beatles got to Sgt. Pepper via their California-born LSD experiences and that they plagiarized the Magical Mystery Tour bus idea from Kesey's Day-Glo bus trip.)

The Acid Tests themselves—orgies of strobes, dancers, projectors, drugs, acid-rock music, amplifiers and sound mixers—turned the world onto their discoveries, introduced the styles and cults that became the Haight-Ashbury era of 1966, setting all the styles of hippies, psychedelia, and the whole anti-cerebral Probation Generation.

Kesey, felon and fugitive, slips in and out of Mexico, is chased by the *federales* and the FBI, appears and disappears like the Scarlet Pimpernel, finally emerging again but only after internal friction and cruelly directed Acid Tests have crumbled the Pranksters' once-mystical unity. I'm going further, said this new Kesey, beyond jail and beyond drugs, without drugs, to . . . where? It's not clear, he doesn't quite say, and either Kesey is keeping it a secret or he said it and Wolfe didn't understand it.

One finishes the book, wondering: who was Ken Kesey? Did Wolfe quote Kesey enough, really analyze the man who brought middle-class kids to hippiedom and psychedelia? I think not. Somehow, Wolfe's amazing gifts of perception fell short of capturing Kesey. And beyond being "a madonna of the hill country," who was Kesey's wife, Faye, and how did she feel about sharing him with Mountain Girl and Black Maria? How do their children fare living in this world of the ecstatic present? Never a word about it. Couldn't the book have done without Wolfe's ineffective poetry, been 100 pages shorter? Yes, *yes*, YES:: ::::: as Wolfe would say.

But you get excited reading this history. Its words reach as close to the feverishness of the thing itself as possible. The Pranksters recorded and preserved their own images and actions and pandemonium; then Wolfe, the Contemporary Historian, recorded *that* pandemonium, using such equipment as word-of-mouth, tapes, movies, letters and his own eyes and ears, probably some drugs, a sense of wonder and empathy and of life, and a *beautiful*, special kind of talent.

A Genius for Unsavoriness

SOREN KIERKEGAARD: JOURNALS & PAPERS. *Translated and edited by Howard V. Hong and Edna H. Hong. Indiana University Press. Vol. 1. 539 pp. $15.*

PAUL ZWEIG
Mr. Zweig is a poet who teaches at Columbia University.

It is no longer necessary to defend Kierkegaard, or to apologize for still another translation of his work into English. Thirty years after Walter Lowrie's first courageous efforts on his behalf, Kierkegaard is no longer debatable. The National Book Award is given to his translators; at a proper age (no later than adolescence), we are taught a healthy familiarity with his favorite words: existence, anxiety, the absurd. To be sure, his language is often eccentric, his style arrogantly complicated at times, and his feud with Hegel (or a ghost of Hegel) costly because of all the exhausting terminology he takes over from his enemy. But one is willing to forgive Kierkegaard these blemishes. He has a place on our cultural family tree: one of those who stirred the life force, and in his own angry way helped give birth to what (and how) we value.

Yet the more I read this interesting new edition of his journals and papers, the more I would like to defend Kierkegaard. Not his curious mastery of style or the genius he had for conceptualizing his own (and our) most difficult experiences. Here Kierkegaard needs no defending.

I would prefer, rather, to defend his unsavoriness, his unusual gift for being disagreeable. I would like to remember the many times I have found him to be an irascible, cruelly brilliant man who worked at suffering the way some men work at making money: day and night, especially if there was a prospect of making others as ill at ease in their lives as he couldn't help but be in his. Often enough I find myself giving in to the temptation that Kierkegaard himself dangled willfully in front of all eyes: the temptation to taunt him; to laugh at his ridiculous trouser legs and his ruthless polemical mind. Kierkegaard did not think that he was easy to get along with. If anyone found him so, and there were indeed few, he was apt to think the man a fool.

The passages in his Journal which deal with his betrothal to Regina, for example (they are not included in this first volume of the present edition), are almost unbearable. When Kierkegaard was in his mid-20s he fell in love with Regina

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James P. Warburg

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Olsen, the very young daughter of an acquaintance. Following several months of surprising happiness, during which time he was engaged to Regina, Kierkegaard became convinced that the affair was a mistake. He loved the girl but felt, compulsively, that he could never make her happy: that life with him would indeed be a hell. The impossibility of marriage obssessed him. He came to think of himself as a kind of cripple, calling this inability to lead a normal life his "thorn in the flesh." The affair was a torment to Kierkegaard, and in the Journal it becomes a torment to the reader, as slowly Kierkegaard begins to chide Regina for being weak and sentimental; for lowering herself on at least one occasion when she actually begged him to return. In the end he hits upon a fine plan to "detach" Regina from him. He lets it be known in Copenhagen that he is an unscrupulous playboy. Every night for a year he shows up at all the fashionable theatres, and intimates to Regina how much he values his erotic freedom, though perhaps some day, when he is tired, he may settle down with a young girl.

That he chose to suffer so much and to inflict suffering in the name of his spiritual integrity is rare and admirable, I have no doubt. But it cannot be waved aside as an eccentricity of genius. In this affair Kierkegaard was a cad; not only did he humiliate Regina and her family but the Journal betrays a curious fascination with the power his decision gave him over the young girl. An unwholesome business to say the least. Yet it is worth mentioning, for Kierkegaard, in one form or another, made it the subject of his most popular works: *Either/Or, Fear and Trembling, Repetition.* The affair with Regina established a pattern for his life which he repeats and conceptualizes into his most characteristic philosophy.

It is a philosophy of the disagreeable; a philosophy of discomfort; and the word he used to express the discomfort—anxiety—has become part of our household vocabulary. "Anxiety is the first reflex of possibility," he tells us; loneliness and above all disagreement are like spiritual talismans. The important thing is to live accused, and to deserve the accusation; for "only a person who is bitten by men becomes an apostle." When there is no one to revile your quirky (by public standards) behavior, it is a sign that, in all probability, you have sold your soul.

Several years before his death, in the midst of a single-handed polemic against the entire establishment of the Danish church, he noted in the Journal: "Action expressing personal integrity never makes a hit at the time; instead it offends people. But when twenty years have gone by, for example, and the person is still living, and if by this time he has also become a windbag, then he is recognized for that action. But only on the condition that by this time he has become a windbag, for otherwise he will be about to initiate new character-action and so recognition fails to appear."

Kierkegaard was no windbag. He took his precautions, and knew how to discourage anyone who was tempted to admire him too frankly, without the discomfort which he felt was inseparable from self-discovery. In his literary style, he developed the art of ironical obscurity, partly because of the obsessive reticence he felt about revealing his thoughts and emotions, and partly (as he intimates above) by design, in accordance with his theory of "indirect communication": a policy of skillful annoyance destined to keep the reader disoriented, and at least partly convinced of his own stupidity. In this anxious condition, the *coup de grâce* of spiritual insight can be administered with verve and rhetorical elegance. But in his life also, Kierkegaard observed the uncomfortable policy of keeping people at a distance, just far enough away to revile him, to "bite" him as he says. "It seems to be forgotten that to be an author is action"; and that to maintain the flow of action one must "gesticulate with his entire personal existence." To prevent one's ideas from being "taught" and "recognized," one must rub the entire world of readers the wrong way, fascinating them, and drawing them, thought by thought, suffering by suffering, into knowledge of themselves. This was Kierkegaard's life project, but it was also his character. He chose to wield his "thorn in the flesh" and to draw blood with it. And he succeeds.

I would not have liked to live with Soren Kierkegaard; and I'm not sure I'd have wanted him as a friend. I must admit that when he talks about the courage of "isolation" and the purgative virtues of anxiety, there are times when I feel like going to a movie. I admit also to other days when the uneasy humility Kierkegaard induces feels all too much like a necessary touch. Surely he understood more about "isolation," and the secret landscape of "inwardness" (another word he taught us to use), than any man of his century.

One is therefore glad—and a bit impatient—that a very ample selection from Kierkegaard's papers and journals is at last being published in English. When the present edition is complete it will run to five volumes. The translation itself is lively and remarkably faithful to the range of styles (from clumsy to incisive to elegant) which characterizes Kierkegaard, especially in his voluminous private writings. The Hongs have resisted the temptation to smooth over Kierkegaard's notations, remaining faithful to the spirit he himself assigned to the Journals: "to let the thoughts come forth with the umbilical cord of the original mood, and to forget as much as possible all regard for their possible use. . . ." The result is vigorous, and as engaging as Kierkegaard allowed himself to be, even in private.

I was disconcerted, however, by the Hongs's decision to group the material of the Journal and Papers not chronologically but according to subject matter. This first volume, for example, goes

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alphabetically from "Abstract, Abstraction" to "The Extraordinary, The Exception." The others will follow suit, and the final volume will group entries related to Kierkegaard's personal life. There is no doubt that such an arrangement is useful in many ways, especially to readers who are already quite familiar with Kierkegaard. What we have is a vast encyclopedia of Kierkegaardiana. When in doubt, flip open the dictionary of Kierkegaard's private mind; avoid the discomfort of a meandering, chaotic, multi-threaded discourse.

I do not mean to quarrel with the Hongs's choice of subject headings, or with their selection of the material to go under each heading. They have labored with delicacy, grasping the many notes of complication which Kierkegaard introduces endlessly into his thoughts. But, in the end, they have given us *their* Kierkegaard. Between us and the difficult, perhaps disorderly self-invention of the man, they have interposed their own admittedly worthy, understanding.

I would have preferred to be alone with Kierkegaard, painful as that sometimes is. To be exasperated by his coyly involute sentences, shocked into recognition by his sudden pathetic brilliance; happy to discover for myself the interruptions and innovations which the man came upon in the daily work of his own idiosyncrasy. True the chronology is often difficult to establish, but surely no more difficult than this division into subject headings which, at best, is an affair of opinion since any number of items could, with perfect ease, fit into half a dozen of the categories.

The very idea of a Journal, no matter how conceptualized and apparently distant from life it may be, implies disorder, tentativeness. There is, after all, a pleasure which disorder procures for us, and it was a pleasure Kierkegaard did not feel ashamed to give himself as he recorded his vanishing moods and reflections. Such, we may say, is the shape of our mind: it is not pretty, but understanding grows from it, and I am planted in it for better and for worse. That is the pleasure the Hongs have chosen not to give us in their edition of Kierkegaard. To recall Kierkegaard's own words, they have cut "the umbilical cord" and ruffled the "original mood," by having too much regard for the "possible use" the Journal might have.

We must, however, be grateful to the Hongs for their enormous labor. Even in alphabetical order, Kierkegaard's Journals and Papers are worth having for angry days, or "inward" days; especially when they have been translated in as lively and sensitive a manner as are the texts in this first volume.

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

A MARRIED MAN. *By Benjamin DeMott. Harcourt, Brace & World. 153 pp. $3.95.*

Mr. DeMott has here written *the* contemporary American novel about a married man's affair with a younger woman. Although neither of his main characters is particularly likable—he's a worldly, successful and uneasy intellectual, and she is a debutante-"communications" type full of maddening superficialities—Mr. DeMott manages to make both enormously sympathetic as he takes them swiftly through their embarrassed meeting, their ecstatic love-makings, and the final decision to part which proves almost literally unbearable for both. The author's depiction of the tension and panic that grip people who find themselves unprepared for where their lives have gone is particularly acute, as is, in a very brief section, his touching portrait of his hero's wife. In making the various aspects of their pain and their love for each other so tangible, DeMott has expanded his characters from the slick stereotypes which they at first seem into substantial human beings.

WELCOME TO THE MONKEY HOUSE. *By Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Delacorte Press. 298 pp. $5.95.*

I was about to say that this volume reads like a collection of old *Collier's* stories when I noted that seven of them did really appear in *Collier's*. Mr. Vonnegut writes that they are all "examples of work I sold in order to finance the writing of the novels." With very few exceptions, they are slick formula tales, each with its own little twist, so that the twist becomes a predictable part of the formula after a while. This refinancing seems unfair to Mr. Vonnegut's large audience of readers, who should hereby be warned to purchase his novels in larger quantities so that their author is not driven to prepare news releases or want ads.

J C SAVES. *By Robert Gover. Trident Press. 191 pp. $4.50.*

In a note that deserves to serve as epilogue to this novel, the man from *The New York Times Book Review* was put out recently that Mr. Gover and *Kitten*, of all people, should turn up as the voice of reason. Kitten and J. C. meet again during a riot in the very black neighborhood where Kitten was peddling her gorgeous wares along with the rest of the "hoes." In this third installment (*One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding, Here Goes Kitten*) of the adventures of Kitten and J. C., Gover's wonderful alternating descriptions (by Kitten and white, maybe-not-so-hopelessly square J. C., now married to a suburban harpy) take us through the police-instigated "riot" near Kitten's whorehouse to J. C.'s beach house, where he has dreams of installing Kitten as a maid if he can stop making love to her long enough to work out the details. Kitten turns J. C. onto LSD, and he's finally brought out of his J.C.-dom into the dazzling knowledge of just what Kitten's been talking about through his three-book tryst with her. Will J.C. have to go crazy again to get out of the hospital he's landed in? Because Gover seems to think that Kitten might help him to stay sane this time.

DAYBREAK. *By Joan Baez. The Dial Press. 159 pp. $3.95.*

Joan Baez wants to give her audience as much of herself as she and they can bear; in this elliptical autobiographical memoir, she does it, and often beautifully. Very little is said about her singing career except as mention of it occurs naturally among her other concerns here: nonviolence, draft resistance, her relationship with her family, and a general struggle toward openness. The scenes in which her father appears, and a collage of impressions from the time she spent in jail for draft-resistance activities, are particularly vivid. Some readers may feel that much of it borders on the goody-goody, or that Miss Baez's unresolved childhood fears about aggression make her belief in nonviolence more emotional than philosophical. That such questions occur at all is exactly because she has allowed them to in this artless and revealing memoir.

THE EXAGGGERATIONS OF PETER PRINCE. *By Steve Katz. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 281 pp. $6.95.*

Steve Katz may be a good writer, but it's hard to tell from this doggedly vacant novel, in which intentionally comic-strip characters undergo an intentionally stupid series of (intentionally) wildly boring adventures, intent on attracting negative reviews. Every once in a while Mr. Katz drops his guard and lets in something that's *really* funny, but not often enough to make me believe that anyone but its proofreader has been able to read through every one of its beautifully designed pages. The book contains maps, photos, three-column simultaneous narratives, and all kinds of typographical games, but they're so *carefully* zany that they seem to be right out of Creative Playthings.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1264

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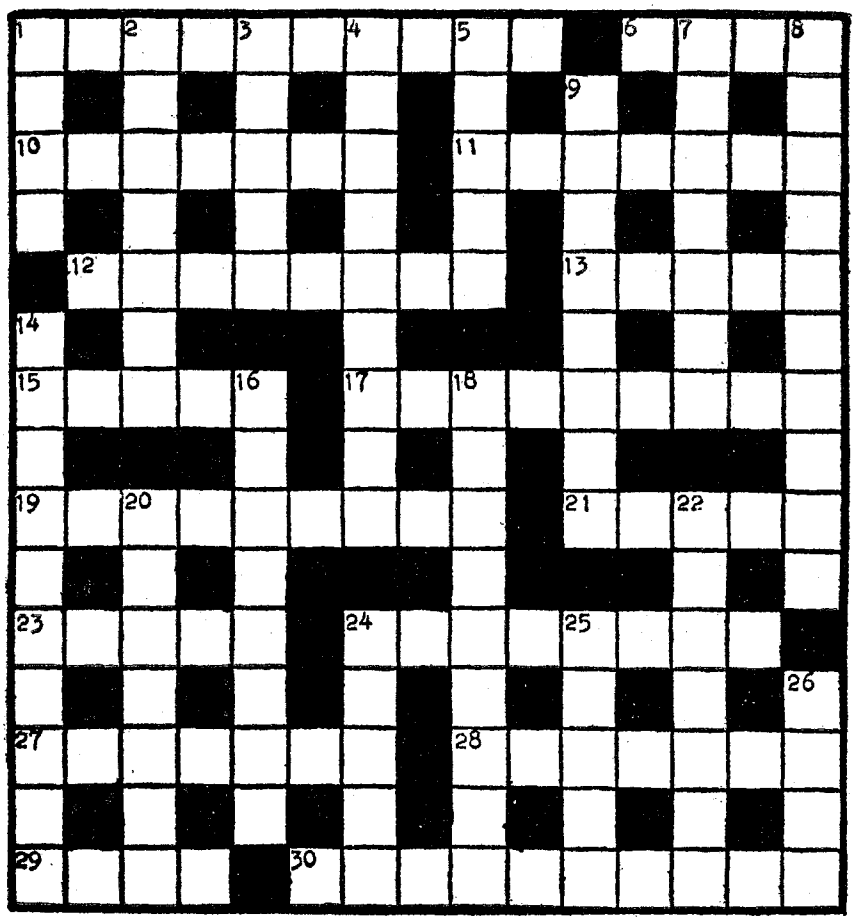

ACROSS

1 Did he question what twists an early gardener's back? (10)
6 See 1 down
10 and 13 Evidently the executives are candidates for what the pursuing police no longer stand on. (7, 5)
11 Construct a possibly artificial elevation? (5-2)
12 Divers mechanical parts, one of which might be better if big. (8)
13 See 10 across
15 and 29 Made by those who fell in controlling the direction taken. (9)
17 One of the things a writer might dip into. (3, 6)
19 Tom is docked here, naturally. (4, 2, 3)
21 Residents of some developments complain of such a boom. (5)
23 Cut of a man's walk? Probably not! (5)
24 Traditionalists might after dinner, with a cigar and a document. (8)
27 Descriptive of Emma Lazarus' shore. (7)
28 There's a song about the last letter on the state of it. (7)
29 See 15 across
30 Called attention to the drive's date, conceivably. (10)

DOWN

1 and 6 across A penny, in the case of Simple Simon? One might have a little salt with it. (8)
2 Irritated because social standing came first? (7)
3 Not likely to be formed by scabs. (5)
4 An attractive quality, obviously. (9)
5 Trespasses in another version? (5)
7 See 26 down
8 Means justification? (10)
9 Part of a cheer and a raspberry, a little way up for those in deep water. (3, 5)
14 Relating to the matter of dollars and cents, perhaps. (10)
16 A lot of land, but it shouldn't be if I'd a horse! (8)
18 Ruler over wind and low creature. (4, 5)
20 Ten-line composition made easy. (7)
22 Managed to come up with arguments in the passage? (7)
24 Books are probably so called. (5)
25 Not a negative way to create character.
26 and 7 down Like a well-packed toboggan run, as a rule? (4, 3, 4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1263

ACROSS: 6 Stud; 10 Ease off; 11 Burrows; 12 and 27 Oil slick; 13 Elucidated; 15 Ensigns; 16 Olympia; 17 In-group; 20 Inhabit; 22 Near and far; 23 Bang; 25 Ithacan; 26 Animato; 28 Aspersions.
DOWN: 1 The Bohemian Girl; 2 Insults; 3 Taos; 4 Enfolds; 5 Tobacco; 7 Two-step 8 Disadvantageous; 9 and 1 across Friday the thirteenth; 14 Ignorance; 18 Graphic; 19 Pedants; 20 Imamate; 21 Bravado; 24 Dips.

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